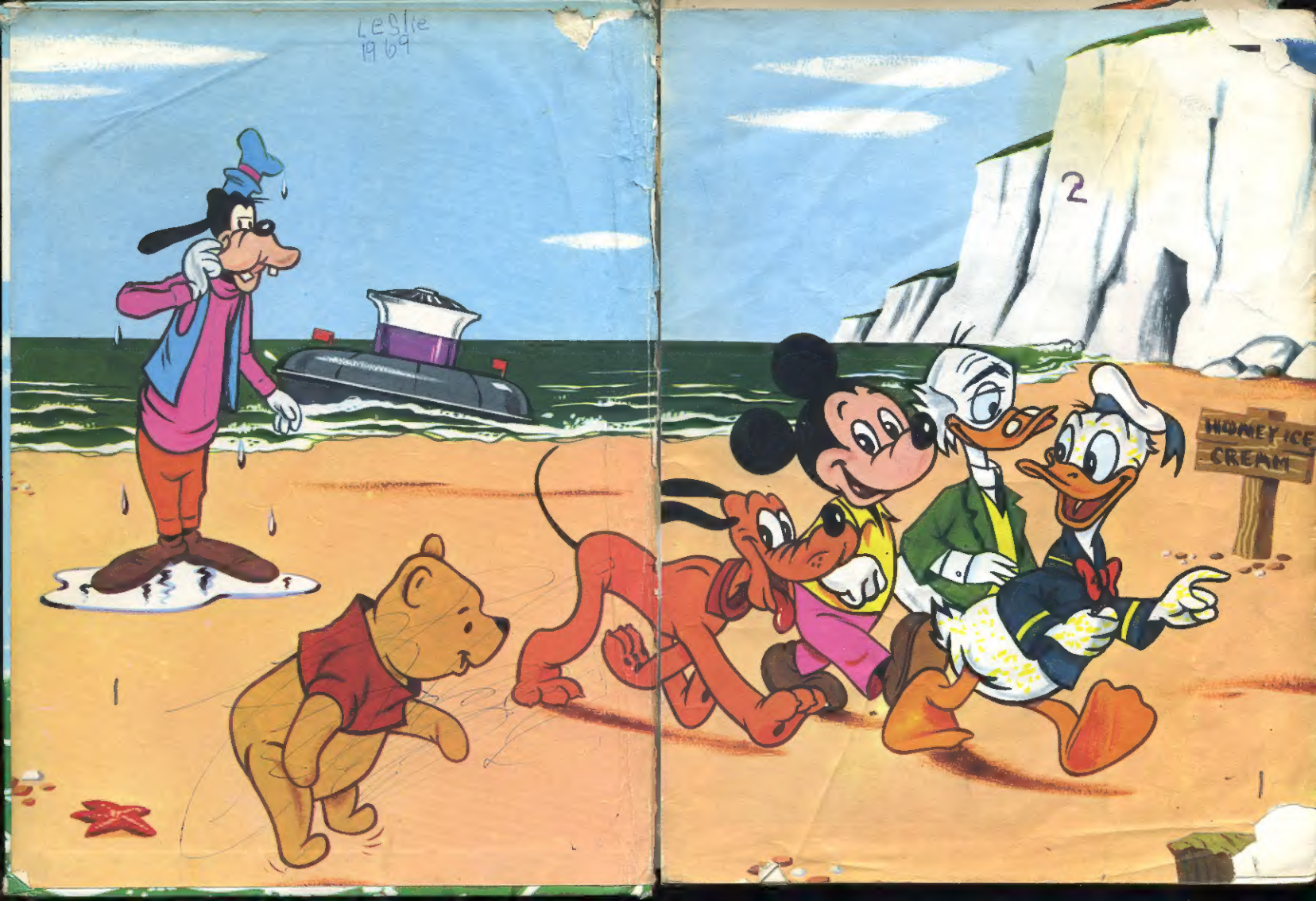
WALT DISNEY PRESENTS

Disneyland

ANNUAL


Leslie
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HONEY ICE
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WALT DISNEY PRESENTS ...

DISNEYLAND ANNUAL

"Yes," sighed Donald, nibbling at a grape in a tired sort way, "life can be a bit of a bore for a famous TV star." Donald left the great mansion that he owned and climbed into his large motor car. He waved his hand to the driver. "To the studio, James, and don't stop for anything. My fans will have to do with

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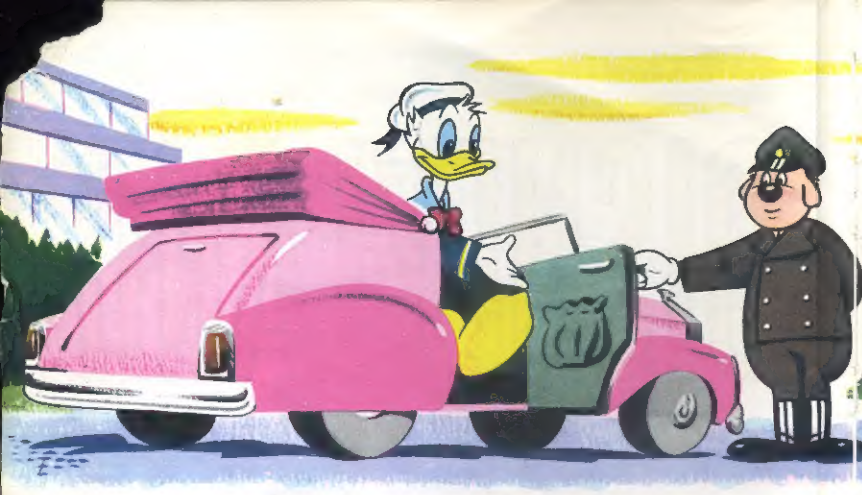
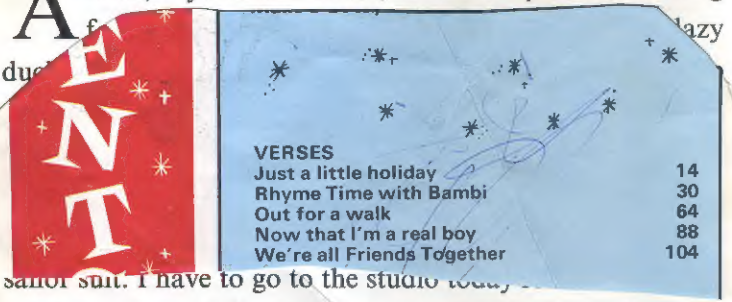


The GREATEST SHOW on the AIR!

—FEATURING A STAR WHO WAS ALMOST FORGOTTEN!

"AAAH," yawned Donald, as he sat up in bed waiting f[illegible]azy du[illegible]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sailor suit. I have to go to the studio [illegible]

"Of course, sir," said his butler. "I was forgetting that you are the star of the Disney TV Show today."

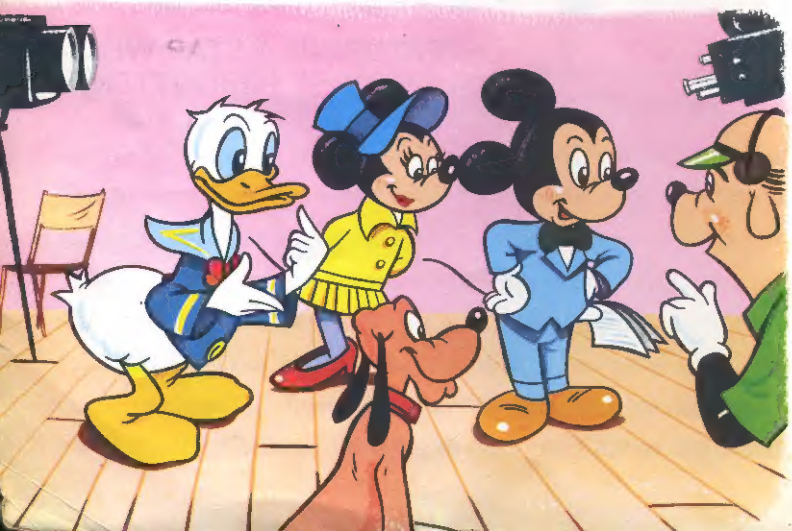
"Yes," sighed Donald, nibbling at a grape in a tired sort of way, "life can be a bit of a bore for a famous TV star." Donald left the great mansion that he owned and climbed into his large motor car. He waved his hand to the driver. "To the studio, James, and don't stop for anything. My fans will have to do without autographs today. I can't be bothered to give any. Perhaps I'll sign a few later on." But there weren't any fans to greet him at the studio.

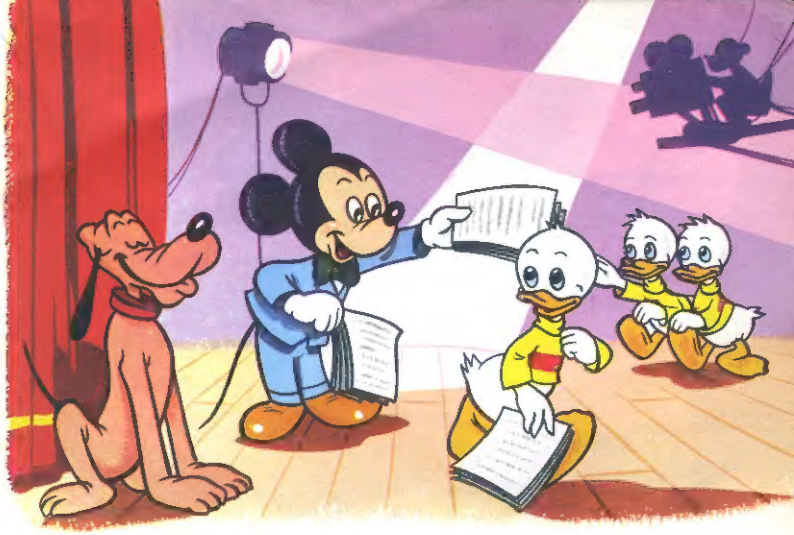
And when he tried to get into the studio, the stage door keeper wouldn't let Donald in.

"I'm sorry," said the door keeper, "I don't have anyone called Ronald Muck on my list of actors."

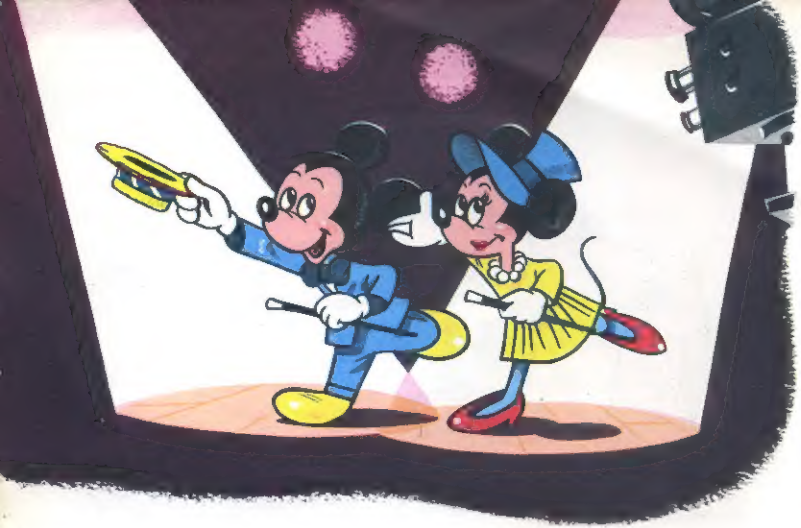
"My name's Donald Duck!" raged Donald. "I'm the star of the Disney TV Show. Let me in!"

But it was no use. Donald couldn't get into the studios. He looked at his watch. It would soon be time for the show to start and he had to get inside the building somehow. He ran round to the back and climbed in through an open window. Inside the studio Donald saw Mickey and all the other people in the show, but they didn't seem to see him.





"Here I am everybody!" cried Donald. "Don't worry any more, the star of the show has arrived!" But nobody took any notice. Donald began to get angry and walked towards Mickey. But no sooner had he taken a few steps than he found himself whisked high above the stage on the end of a hook. Donald kicked and struggled. "Put me down!" he cried to the scene shifter. But the scene shifter didn't seem to hear him and Donald was swung on to a platform so high that the other people in the show looked like ants down below. Then Donald saw Mickey handing out the scripts for the cast to read. "I've got to get down there," fumed Donald, "otherwise I won't get my part."

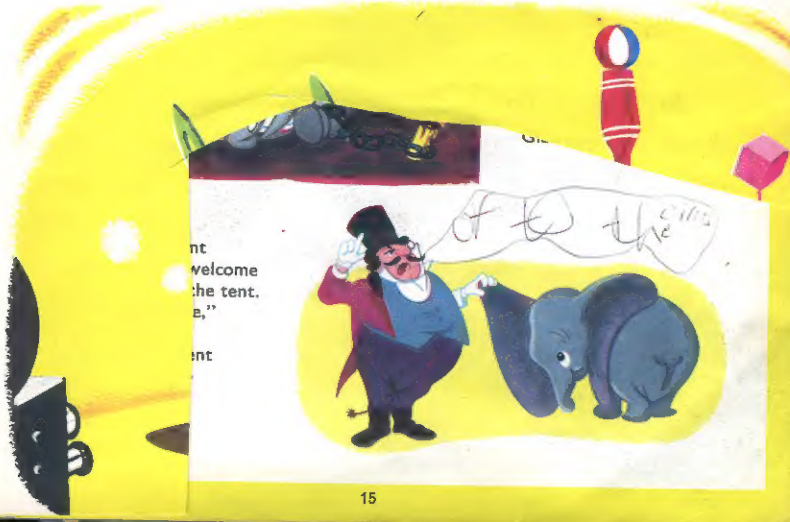


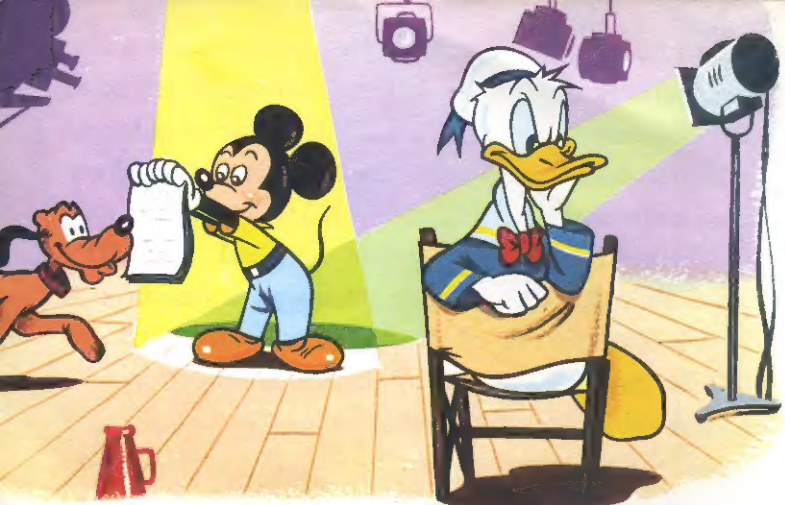
Donald hurried along the high platform and down long ladders and flights of iron stairs. By the time he reached the ground the TV Show had already started. Mickey and Minnie were dancing together in front of the camera. Donald was puffed out from his long descent. He rushed over to the producer of the show.

"Here-puff-I-puff-am-puff!" stuttered Donald. The producer had a list pinned to a board. "What's your name?" he asked. "What's my name?" raged Donald, stamping his foot in anger. "I'm the star of the show, Donald Duck!"

"I'm sorry," said the producer, "there's no Ronald Muck on my list." And Donald danced with rage.

Suddenly, a trap door that was used to move the scenery, opened right underneath Donald and he fell down into the basement. Luckily he landed on a heap of old sacks but the trap door had closed behind him. Donald wandered around under the stage until he found a handle fixed to the wall. On the handle was a notice that read: "DEMON KINGS PLEASE PULL". Donald wasn't a demon king but he had to get out of the basement somehow. So he pulled the lever and was shot up through another trap door and on to the stage in a flash of lightning. Goofy was doing his juggling act at the time and dropped all the indian clubs in surprise. The producer shouted at Donald: "You must behave or you'll have to go!"





"But I'm Donald Duck!" he pleaded. "I'm the star!"

"Now, Mr. Muck," warned the producer, "you go and sit down and stop making a noise."

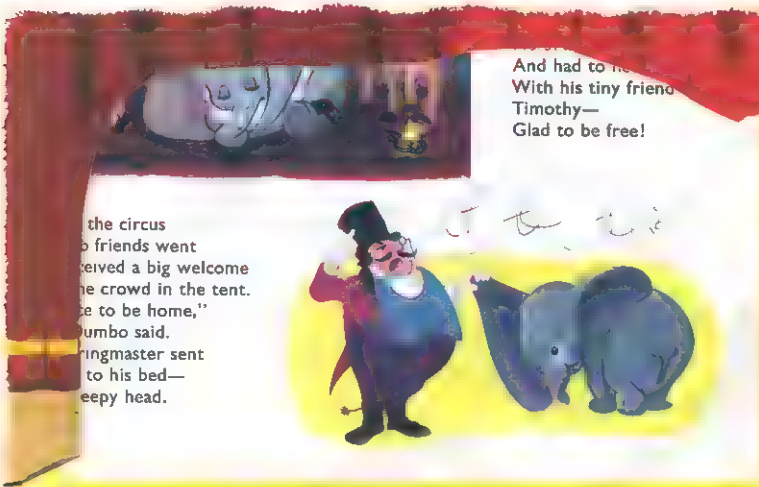
"My name's not Muck," groaned Donald, but the producer was not from his long descent. He ruand sulked in a producer of the show. lo their singing

"Here-puff-I-puff-am-puff!" stuttered Doig hoop and the ducer had a list pinned to a board. "What' big bone as a he asked. "What's my name?" raged Donaler dance whilst foot in anger. "I'm the star of the show, Donis indian clubs

"I'm sorry," said the producer, "there's nc it was the end on my list." And Donald danced with rage.

Suddenly, there was a roll of drums and Mickey stood in the spotlight. He began to tell the audience about the star of the show. Donald turned—surely Mickey didn't mean him, after all that had happened? There was a fanfare and Mickey pointed to him. "The world famous, Donald Duck!" cried Mickey, and the audience clapped and cheered. Donald went on stage and gave the performance of his life. The show was the best there had ever been –thanks to Donald.

Mickey shook his hand. "We're all sorry that we pretended we didn't know you, Donald," said Mickey, "but you were getting so conceited that we thought a little lesson might bring back the old Donald that we all liked." And it did just that!



Just a little holiday!

DUMBO'S POEM

Dumbo is an elephant,
A baby one at that!
He lives in a circus
And has to wear a hat.
One day he had a thought
"I'd like to go away
Down to the seaside
For a holiday.
I'll go today!"

So Dumbo took a walk
Down a dusty lane,
Where he met two friends
And had to explain:
"Holidays are fun,
I wish I'd been before,"
...opy Dumbo

...stop making a noise.

My name's not Muck," growled Donald, bu...gh
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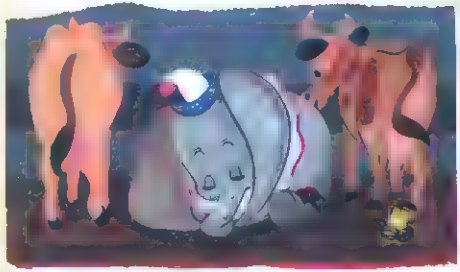
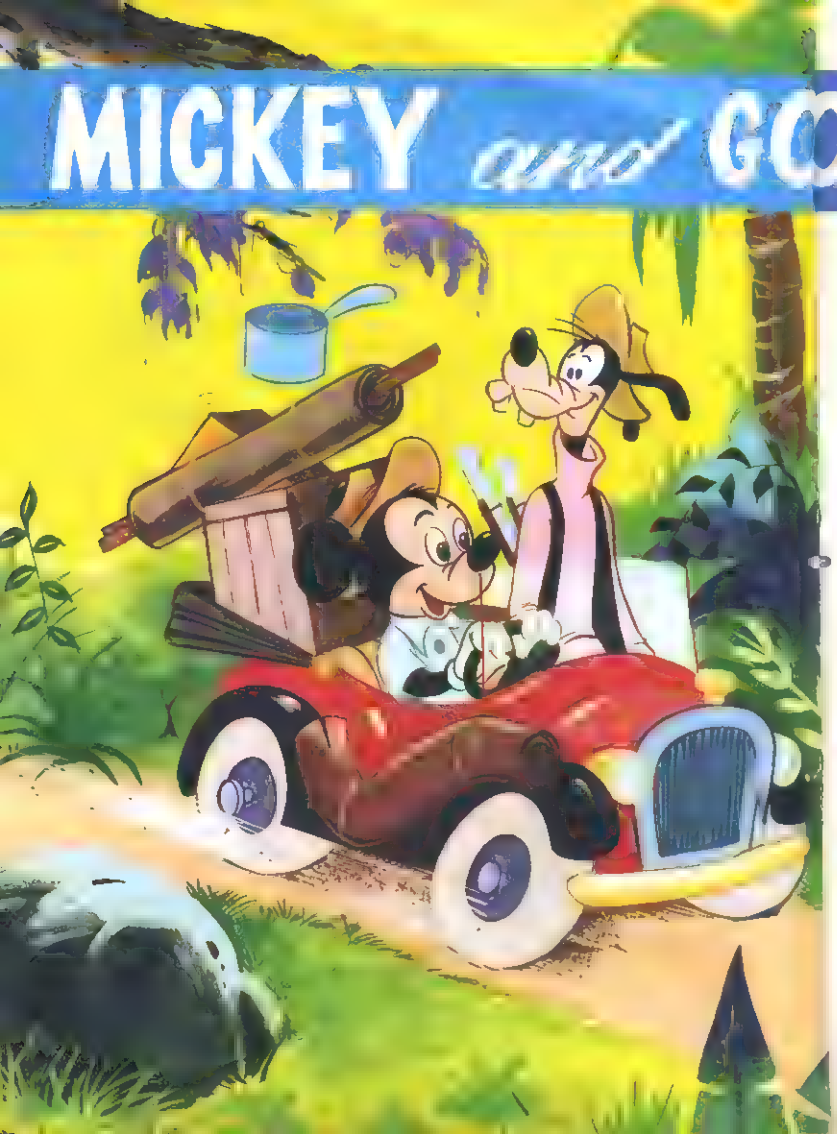
When the rain had stopped
They played in the hay,
Out in the fields
Till the end of the day.
They slept in a rick
But awoke with a start!
The farmer had prodded
The two friends apart
Then—into his cart.



Poor Dumbo was chained
To a wooden stump
Among the cows
In a buttercup clump.
He broke the chain
And had to flee
With his tiny friend
Timothy—
Glad to be free!

Back to the circus
The two friends went
And received a big welcome
From the crowd in the tent.
"It's nice to be home,"
Tired Dumbo said.
So the ringmaster sent
Him off to his bed—
Little sleepy head.



MICKEY and GOOFY go CAMPING

—AND FIND THAT LIFE IN THE BIG OUTDOORS IS NOT WHAT IT SEEMS

"HIGH ho fiddlee dee, it's the open air for me!" Goofy sang at the top of his voice. Then he waved his arms about in time to the music and knocked Mickey's hat over his eyes.

"Steady on," laughed Mickey, "you'll have us in the ditch."

"Sorry," said Goofy, "but I feel so happy. Just think, only a few more miles and we'll be at the lake on our holidays."

"Two whole weeks," cried Mickey, "camping out in the forest, fishing in the lake, and sleeping under the stars."

"No stuffy houses or soft beds," whooped Goofy.

"We will live just like the Red Indians did," said Mickey. But the Red Indians didn't have cars that were overloaded with pots, pans, guns, rods, and Goofy's rocking-chair.

Finally, the engine gave a grunt and stopped. They still had a long way to go so they had to get out and push.

"I wish we hadn't brought such a lot of things," groaned Mickey, as they shoved the heavy car. "We could let the air out of the tyres," suggested Goofy, "that'd make it lighter."

But before Mickey could answer him the car was over the top of the hill and starting to gather speed. They ran after it. Mickey was the fastest and he just managed to catch up and clamber on to the spare wheel.

With a final sprint Goofy caught up. Mickey dragged him up on to the back where they hung on for dear life so out of breath that they couldn't climb over the car to reach the steering wheel!

Luckily, it was downhill all the way to the lake so they only needed to steer. But they were going very fast when their car crashed into a fallen log. Mickey and Goofy were flung high into the air, over the car, to land with a splash in the cold lake.

"Gub, gub," said Goofy, sitting up in the water with a fish in his hat. Mickey was trying to clear the water weeds from his face. It wasn't a very good way to start a holiday but they soon cheered up when they had lit a fire and changed into dry things.

They had chocolate for supper because they were too tired to set up the fishing rods. As soon as they had put up the tent they crawled into their blankets and went to sleep. And Mickey was soon dreaming about catching a fish that looked like Goofy!

As they snored in the tent a stream of mosquitos, fierce flying insects with stings in their tails, swarmed up from the lake. It didn't take them long to find Mickey and Goofy. They flew in a long line through a gap in the tent and settled on the two friends. Mickey and Goofy jumped out of their blankets and rushed from the tent.

"Ow! Ow!" cried Goofy as the fierce little insects chased him into the forest, "get the insect-bite ointment, Mickey!" But Mickey was too busy making good his escape to help Goofy. At last, as dawn broke, the mosquitos flew back to the lake. Mickey and Goofy crawled back into bed and soon fell into a deep sleep, tired out from their sleepless night.

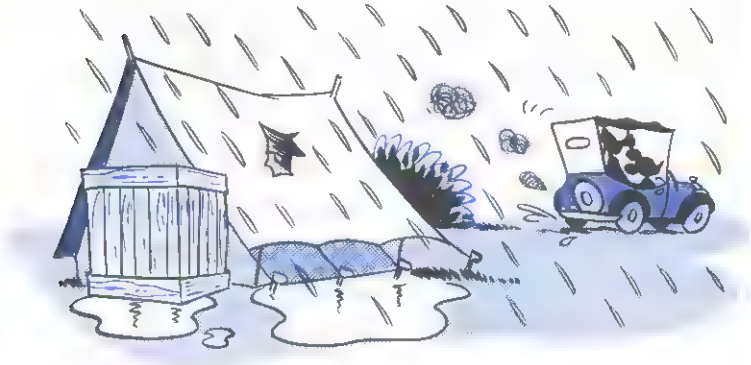
When they awoke it was almost lunchtime and they hadn't even had their breakfast. So whilst Goofy lit a fire Mickey went down to the lake to catch some fish. They hadn't brought very much food with them. They planned to live off fish and wild berries like Red Indians. But though Mickey fished for over an hour he didn't catch a thing. Goofy was passing the time using the frying pan for a tennis racket. Mickey put away the fishing rod and they ate some sandwiches left over from their journey. The sandwiches were very stale but by this time Mickey and Goofy were so hungry they were ready to eat anything. Afterwards Mickey went fishing again and Goofy went hunting in the forest.

By teatime, Goofy had used up all the ammunition and had only succeeded in shooting a hole in the tent. And Mickey still hadn't caught a thing. Then it started to rain. Huddled in a corner of the tent they shared a toffee that Mickey had found in the lining of his coat.

"I wish we were at home in the warm," groaned Mickey.

"Watching the rain through the window as we eat our supper," shivered Goofy as the rain poured through the hole in the tent. That did it—they left all their equipment and ran to the car. Soon they were on the way home.

"High ho fiddlee bus! Home sweet home is the place for us!" they sang at the tops of their voices. And they meant it!



DONALD'S TONGUE TWISTERS

"I'M QUITE A TALKER" says Donald Duck "BUT TRY SAYING THESE TWISTERS AS FAST AS YOU CAN!

Donald dashed ditheringly down
To the tiniest tip in the town.
He tipped on the tip
Down deep in the dip,
Copper cups, cotton cap and a crown.

When Goofy gashed his galoshes
A gusher gushed through the gash,
Giving Goofy a splash
As it gushed through the gash,
The gusher gushed gushing in gushes.

"Roll and butter," Roland uttered,
But the butler brought him bread.
"Rotten butler! Roll and butter!"
Uttered Roland from his bed.

Mary Poppins pipped a peach
And partly popped a pea pod.
Through pea pods popped
And peaches pipped,
Mary Poppins' fingers tripped.

Moving house, Mister Mickey Mouse
Missed Miss Minnie Mouse.
Miss Minnie Mouse moved house
Missing Mister Mickey Mouse.
Miss missed Mister,
Mister missed her.

Celia chattered in Chichester,
Whilst Carla cat-called in Chatham
Causing Carol to cry ceaselessly.

Slovenly Sam slept slightly
While Cecily snored slowly,
So Sheila slipped suddenly
Out of the room.

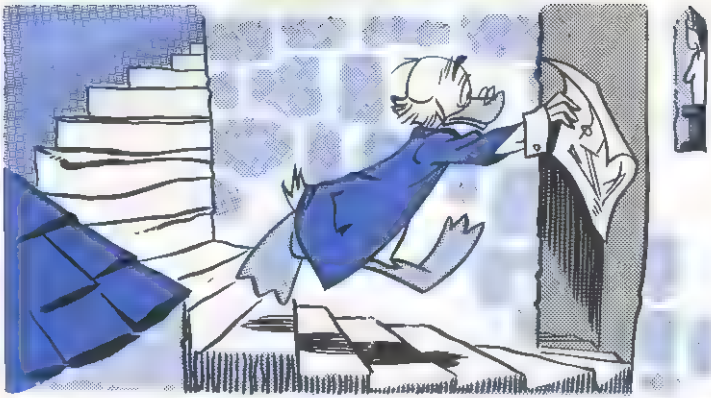
Yellow mellow yams
Make mellow yellow jams,
From shallow fallow lands
Near sallow shallow sands.

THE GREAT INVENTOR

A STORY ABOUT THE GREAT LUDWIG VON DRAKE

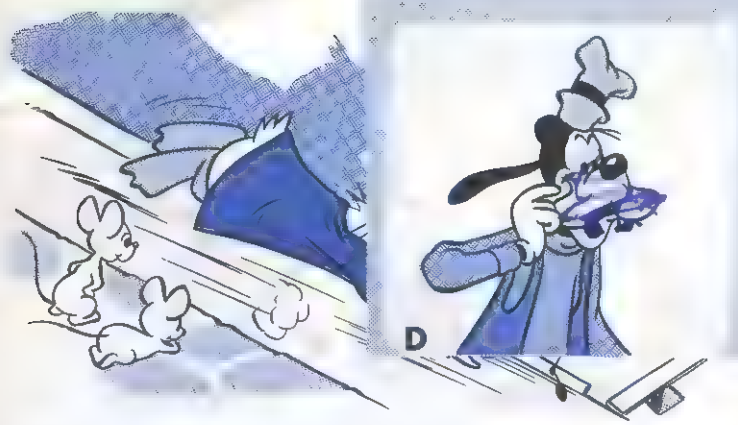
"I THINK I vill invent de most famous invention that vas invented," said Ludwig von Drake one morning. The great German inventor hadn't invented anything for a whole week. Usually, he invented something every day but he had been in bed with a bad cold for the last week and now he felt that his next invention should be something stupendous. So he seated himself at the drawing board in the highest tower of his castle, and began to invent. All day long he invented and far into the night. Finally as the candle burned low Ludwig gave a cry of success.

"At last!" he cried. "I haf it done. This is vat de vorld has been vaiting for—a mouse trap that vill catch every mouse in de house!" Then he lay in the corner and went to sleep.



The sun was shining through the windows when Ludwig woke up. "I must get on mit my great invention," muttered the great inventor. He took the plan of the mousetrap and hurried off to his workshop in the deepest cellar of his castle. There were five thousand nine hundred and twenty-two stairs down to his workshop and by the time he reached there, Ludwig was quite out of breath. "I shall haf to invent something to take the place of all those stairs," muttered Ludwig. "A moving staircase, or something." He made a note in a large black book in which he wrote his ideas for future inventions, then he started to build the mousetrap. First of all he made a slide, just like the ones they have in the park.

The end of the slide rested on a see-saw so that any mouse, sliding down the slide would break a clip on a rope, causing a heavy iron weight to fall down on the other end of the see-saw. The see-saw would throw the mouse in the air where Ludwig arranged a tennis racket to swing round and hit the mouse into a fishing net. As the mouse struggled in the net a large wooden mallet was fixed so that it swung over and would hit him on the head. At last, the great invention was ready for testing. Ludwig needed a mouse but there were none in that part of the castle. They all lived in the far wing of the castle, near the kitchens and the cheese cabinet. So he put on his hat and went mouse hunting to the kitchens.



Ludwig got some cheese and set a trail to the door where the slide was, then he hid in the room and waited. But the mice had been watching all the time. They carefully rolled all the cheese into a large ball and knocked on Ludwig's door. He climbed the stairs and as he opened the door the ball of cheese hit him on the legs and he fell back on to his own slide.

Down he slid on to the see-saw causing the heavy weight to fall on the other end and throw him up in the air. The tennis racket hit him into the fishing net then the mallet knocked him over the head raising a large bump. So Ludwig was trapped in his own invention. And he'd be there still if the friendly mice hadn't gnawed through the net!

The end of the slide rested
mouse, sliding down the slide v
causing a heavy iron weight to
of the see-saw. The see-saw w
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and hit the mouse into a fishing
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over and would hit him on
invention was ready for testing

B

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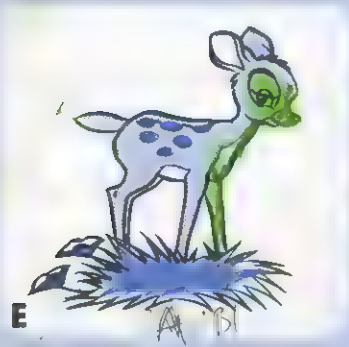
SORT OUT THE JUMBLED NAMES OFTHESE FAMOUS DISNEY CHARACTERS!

E



MABBI

F

HCPI ELDA

G

TLOPU

H

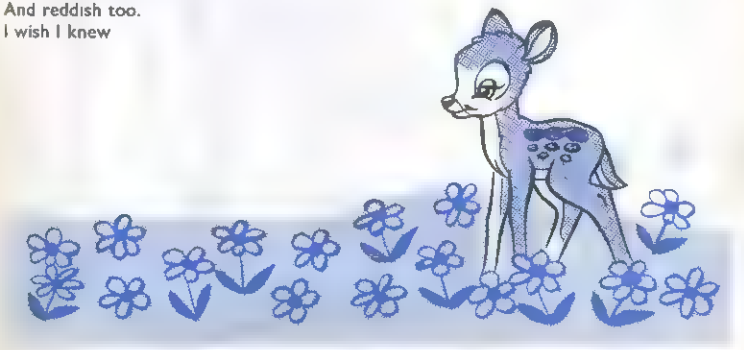
ANSWERS

A - DUMB
B - DONALD; C - GOOFY; D - PLUTO; E - BAMBI; F - CHIP N DALE; G - PLUTO; H - LADY

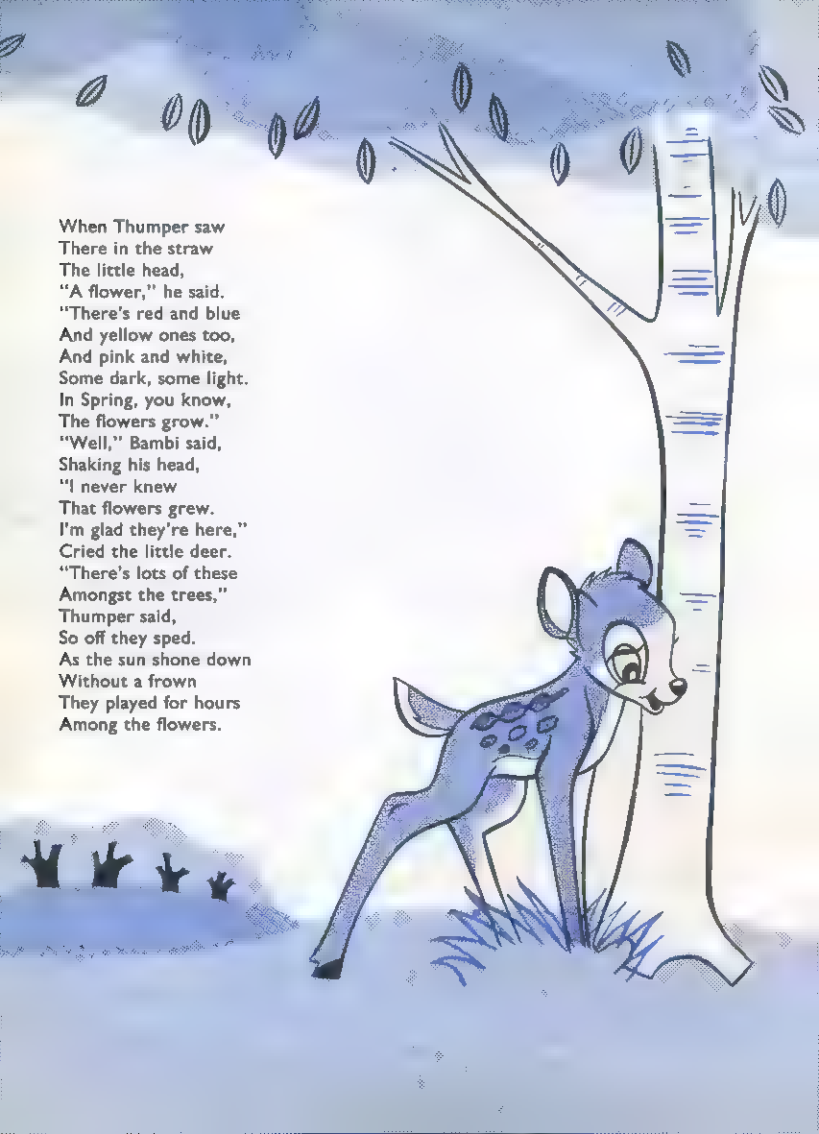
Rhyme Time with Bambi

Early one day,
While out at play,
Bambi saw
Among some straw
A little head,
Part blue, part red.
"I wonder what,"
He thought, "has got,
A little head,
Part blue, part red?"

He walked around
The little mound
Of yellow straw
Upon the floor
And tried to see
What it might be.
"It's not a twig,
It's far too big."
He carefully took
A closer look.
"It's not a tree
Or a bumble bee,
And ants are small
If seen at all.
It might have been,
If it were green,
Or even if
Tall and stiff
A bush of holly.
(That would be jolly.)
But it's blue
And reddish too.
I wish I knew
What to do."
Then he thought,
"I really ought
To ask my friend
To come and spend
Some time with me,
So he can see
What I have found
Here in the ground."
Thumper the Rabbit,
As was his habit,
Made a loud sound
By thumping the ground,
And that's how he came
To get his name.
Bambi the deer,
So that Thumper could hear,
Said in a voice,
Above the noise,
"Tell me do,
What's red and blue?"
"Well," Thumper said,
"Blue and red?
Let me see,
It's not a tree?
'Cos I've never seen
Leaves that aren't green."
"No," Bambi said,
"It's blue and red.
It's not a tree, you'll see."



When Thumper saw
There in the straw
The little head,
"A flower," he said.
"There's red and blue
And yellow ones too,
And pink and white,
Some dark, some light.
In Spring, you know,
The flowers grow."
"Well," Bambi said,
Shaking his head,
"I never knew
That flowers grew.
I'm glad they're here,"
Cried the little deer.
"There's lots of these
Amongst the trees,"
Thumper said,
So off they sped.
As the sun shone down
Without a frown
They played for hours
Among the flowers.



WALT DISNEY presents A WINNIE-the-POOH story for you!

POOH'S PARTY PRESENT

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WINNIE-THE-POOH had that Forty-Winks-Before-Lunch sort of feeling. It was rather warm for the time of the year and he had just finished a mid-morning snack of two jars of honey and a small tin of condensed milk. He gave a yawn and began to settle down for his nap. Suddenly, he had a thought!

"It's a Special Day today," said Pooh. "I'm sure it is." But what sort of Special Day he couldn't seem to remember. "It's not Honey-Gathering-Day," he said, "that's not for a long time yet. And it's not Build-A-Snowman Day, because there's no snow. Oh dear!" It was a puzzle and Pooh felt quite hungry, so he had an early lunch of honey and jam. "It must be somebody's birthday," he decided after a while. But whose birthday it was he couldn't seem to remember. Was it Owl's, or Piglet's, or Eeyore's? No, it must be . . .

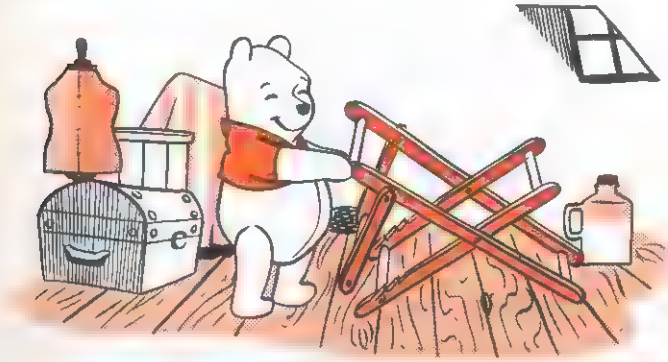
"It must be Christopher Robin's birthday," decided Pooh. "I know what I'll give him for a present—my best pencil!" Pooh only had one pencil and the point was broken, but it was a very nice colour and Christopher Robin was very good at sharpening them. He had a little square machine for making the points (Pooh had seen him using it).

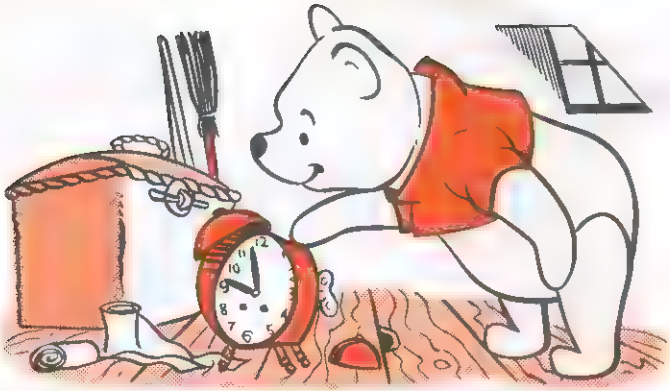
Then Pooh had a bad feeling. Supposing it wasn't Christopher Robin's birthday? Supposing it was Eeyore's, Piglet's, or Rabbit's, or any of the others? Pooh scratched his head so hard that he almost wore a hole in the top.

"Oh dear," said Pooh, "I'll have to get them all presents and find out afterwards whose birthday it really is."

"It's going to be jolly hard," sighed Pooh, "for a bear to find enough presents for all the friends a bear has." He rummaged around in the attic until he found an old deckchair with the seat missing. Pooh gave it a good dusting. "That can be Piglet's present," said Pooh, "he has always wanted a deckchair. Now he can have one for his very own and if he doesn't want to get any more cloth for a seat, it will make a useful . . ." He thought for a while as he looked at the bare wooden frame. "It will make a jolly useful . . . something or other. I don't know what but Piglet will know."

Pooh had some more presents to get so he rummaged around and found an old alarm clock and two pieces of elastic bandage.





"I can give the clock to Owl," Pooh said to himself, "He's always talking about the Time. Only last week he was talking about The Time-We-All-Went-To-'Stralia. I'm sure he'll like the clock very much." Then Pooh wound the elastic bandage into two neat balls and put them in a paper bag. "I'll give these to Rabbit so that he can bandage himself if he falls down," said Pooh. "He was talking about bandages quite a lot when I saw him yesterday. I shouldn't be at all surprised if he was trying to let me know what he wanted for a present. Rabbit's very good at things like that."

So Pooh found something for each of his friends and put all the presents in an old shopping bag and went out.

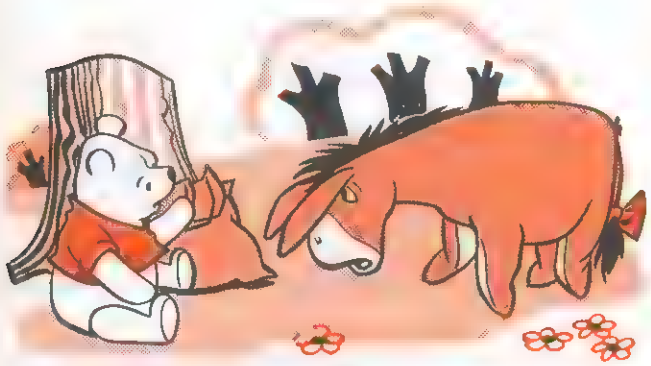
As he walked through the wood, Pooh invented a little

hum. "Tum, tiddly tum tum," sang Pooh, as he walked along. He was deep in thought trying to invent the rest of the hum when he bumped into Eeyore and they fell into a bush.

"Well really," complained Eeyore, "some people ought to look where they're going. It's not safe in the wood any more."

"Sorry Eeyore," said Pooh, rubbing the sore spot on his head. "I don't know what you've got to be so happy about," groaned Eeyore, "anyone would think it was somebody's birthday."

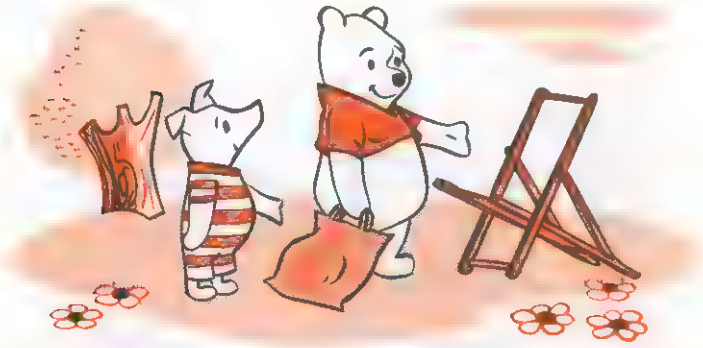
"Yes they would," agreed Pooh. He dived his paw into the shopping bag and brought out a parcel. "There's your present, Eeyore," said Pooh. "Happy birthday!"

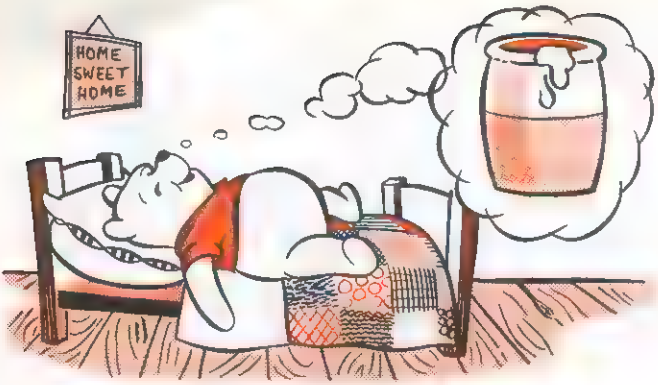


"It's not my birthday," sighed Eeyore. "I suppose you want the present back now. That's just like people."

"No, that's all right," said Pooh, "you keep it. It's a straw hat I found in the wood last year. It's a very nice hat."

And so it went on. Pooh gave Piglet a present, and Owl, and Rabbit, only to find that it wasn't their birthdays. Even so they were very happy to receive the gifts. And Pooh was pleased that they liked the presents. Owl wound the old alarm clock for over ten minutes before he found out that it didn't have any works inside. But he didn't seem to mind. And Piglet liked his deckchair so much that he didn't mind it not having any seat. He sat on the wooden bar instead.





At last Pooh gave out all the presents but found that it wasn't anyone's birthday after all. So he went home and lay down for Forty Winks. And as he slept he dreamt that he had found the world's largest jar of honey. He was just reaching out for the honey when he woke up and saw his friends.

They had hung paper chains and coloured lights all round the room. A big sign read 'Happy Party To Pooh'. Pooh rubbed his eyes in disbelief for on the table was the largest jar of honey he had ever seen. His friends had been so pleased with the presents he had given to each of them that they got him a present in return. So it was a Special Day after all—it was Pooh's Party Day and that was Very Special.

WHEN
ELPED
HIS CAR
STOR SHOW!

SHOW

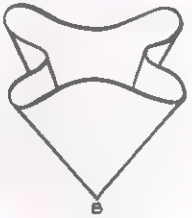
FLY HIGH!

—AND MAKE THIS GREAT CHUCK-GLIDER FROM A SINGLE PIECE OF PAPER!

NO SCISSORS! NO GLUE! NO PINS! JUST A PIECE OF PAPER

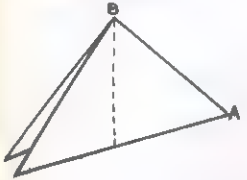
INSTRUCTIONS TO MAKE

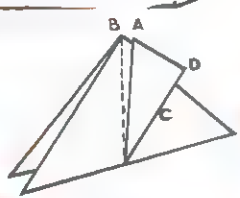
1 Start by making wings from a square of paper folded diagonally both ways.



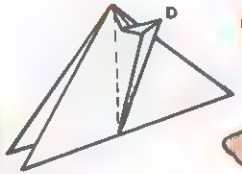
2 Take opposite corners and pinch together like this . .

3 Carefully crease all edges and then flatten out to make a double-sided triangle of folded paper

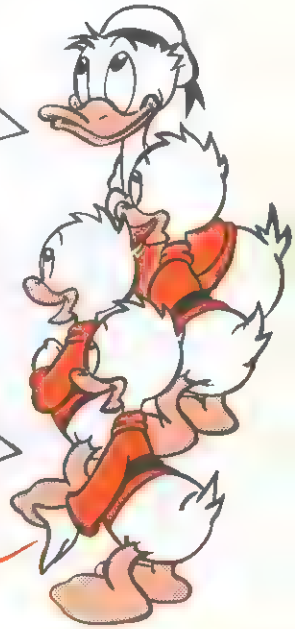




4 Fold point 'A' of top-side triangle to meet point 'B' and crease along edge 'C'



5 Lift point 'D', pinch each side and crease towards centre of wing



this pleat
at whole
on left
g to
like

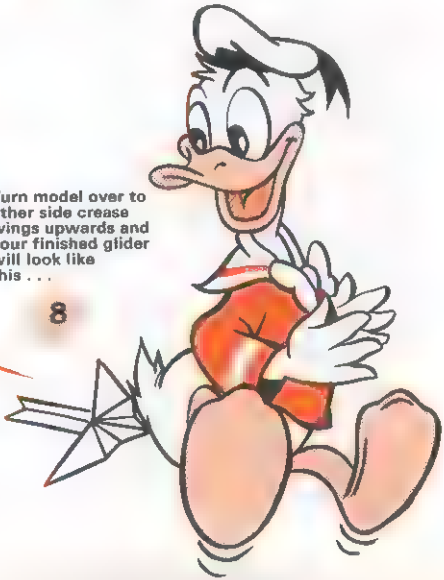
6

FLI

Cut a piece of paper
width of wing span
d to a point,
e down
and push
as far
Then
ose
SINGLE
along the single
'E'

Turn model over to other side crease wings upwards and your finished glider will look like this . . .

8

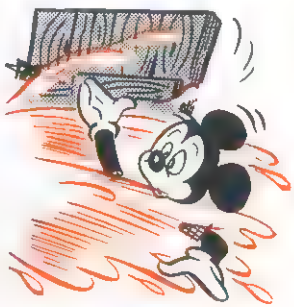


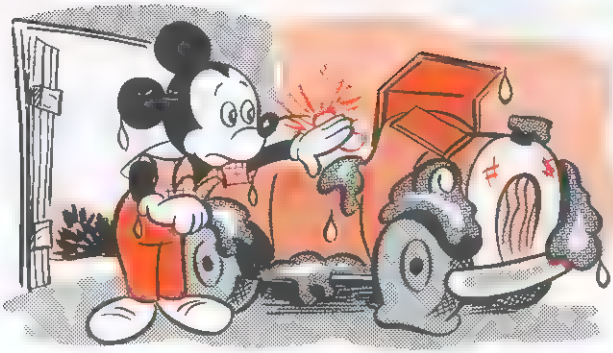
THE MOTOR SHOW

READ WHAT HAPPENED WHEN MORTY AND FERDY HELPED MICKEY MOUSE GET HIS CAR READY FOR THE MOTOR SHOW!

"GOSH," exclaimed Mickey Mouse, "it says in this newspaper that there's going to be a Motor Show in town next week and the first prize is a hundred golden guineas! That's a very good prize. I'm going to try and win it!"

The garage door was locked because Mickey hadn't used his car for a long time. He hadn't driven it since the day he'd bought a brand new motorcycle. Now Mickey opened the garage door and a large wave of water swept him off his feet and dumped him in a flower bed.





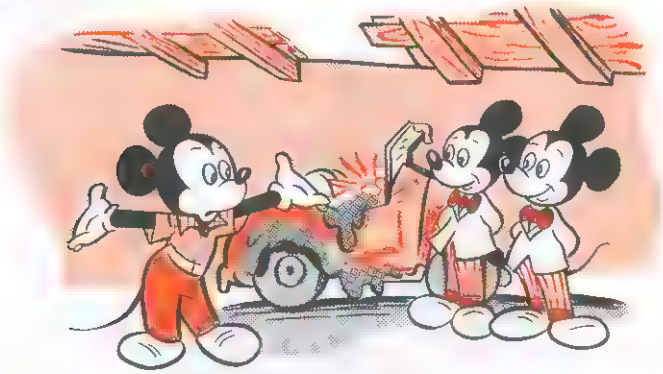
"Oh dear," gulped Mickey, "I forgot that the garage roof leaks. I should have remembered it when we had that storm last month." He struggled to his feet and went into the garage. His car didn't look as if it could win the Grand Prize at the coming motor show. It was covered in mud and slates from the garage roof. And a chicken had laid its eggs in the back after making a nest out of one of Mickey's best car cushions. "Golly," exclaimed Mickey, "it's in a terrible mess. At the moment it doesn't look as if it will ever go again." He got a shovel and began to dig out the mud and leaves. As he was working, who should come in but Morty and Ferdy, his two nephews.

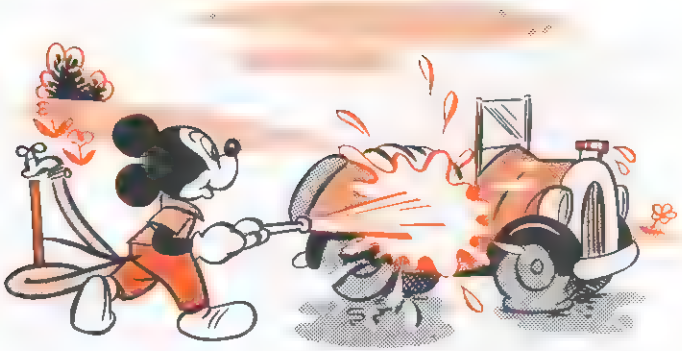
"Hello Uncle Mickey," they said, "where did you get that old car? It's not as good as your other one, that's almost new."

"This IS my best car!" insisted Mickey. "I haven't used it since I bought my new motorcycle and look what's happened."

"It's in a terrible mess," said Morty, chasing out a chicken that was trying to get back into the garage. Mickey nodded sadly. "And I wanted it to look even better than usual." He explained to them about the Motor Show in town and the one hundred guinea Grand Prize. But now it looked like he'd lost all chance of winning.

"Never mind, Uncle Mickey," said Ferdy, "we will help you to get it ready. There's a whole week before the Motor Show."





So they started to clean up the car. Firstly, they pushed it out of the garage and into the driveway. Then, as Uncle Mickey squirted the car with the hose, Ferdy and Morty used mops to wipe off the mud. The seats and the cushions had to be replaced and Minnie spent many hours at her sewing table making cushion and seat covers. Whilst Mickey took out the engine and made certain that every part of it was in working order, Ferdy and Morty painted the body-work and the mudflaps.

They changed the tyres and tested the battery and did all the other things that were needed. At last, the paint and the metal parts gleamed in the sunshine and the engine roared better than it had ever done. It was ready for the Show.

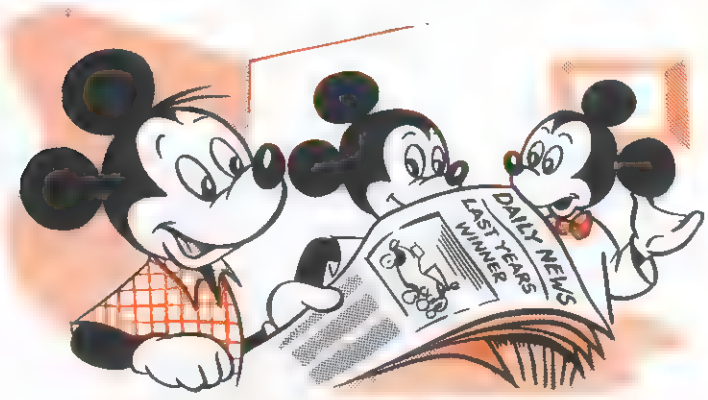
"Well done, boys," said Mickey, as they gave the headlamps a final polish, "the Motor Show is tomorrow and I'm sure that we shall win the Grand Prize of one hundred golden guineas."

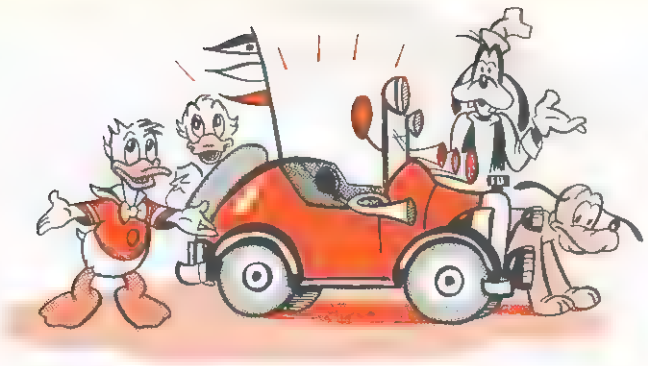
"Do you really think so, Uncle Mickey?" asked Ferdy.

"Of course we shall," said Mickey very firmly.

"Well," said Morty, doubtfully, "there's a picture in today's newspaper of last year's winner. It seems to have a lot more gadgets and extras than your car has Uncle Mickey."

Mickey looked at the picture and had to admit that his car looked almost bare when compared with all the hooters and lamps and badges and radio sets that the other car had. "It doesn't look as if we shall win now," sighed Mickey.





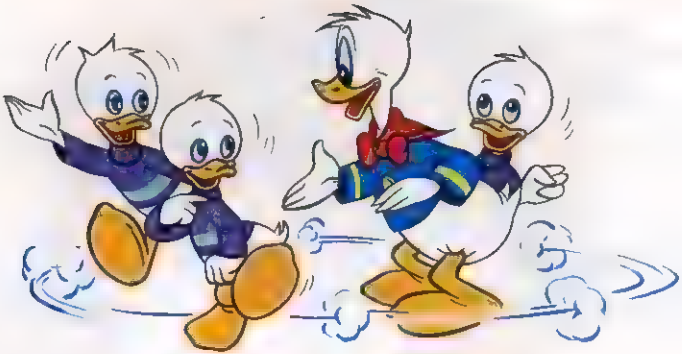
The shops were shut and there was no time to buy any gadgets before the Motor Show opened. Poor Mickey had set his heart on winning the prize and he felt very sad. He walked into the house and went to bed. He was awakened very early by a loud tootling noise. He got up and looked out of the window.

Ferdy and Morty were down in the garden with Donald, Donna, Goofy, Pluto, and Minnie. Ferdy and Morty had told them all that had happened and they had stripped their own cars of gadgets and brought them along. Now there were so many bits and pieces, horns and badges on Mickey's car that there was hardly enough room for the driver. But thanks to the help of his friends, Mickey easily won the Grand Prize at the Show.

...ARE HAPPY DAYS WHEN DONALD IS THE TEACHER!

"THOSE naughty nephews of mine are making a lot of noise today," said Donald Duck, as the sound of breaking glass and splintering wood came from the room where they were supposed to be doing their homework. Donald put down his newspaper and stamped into the room. Louie, Dewey and Huey were very quietly listening to their record player. Donald switched it off.

"Why aren't you boys doing your homework?" he asked. "But we are, Unca Donald," they cried. "It's music tomorrow."



"I heard chairs being broken and windows being smashed in here," protested Donald, glaring round the room.

"That was a record of the Hunka Punka tribe," said Louie, turning on the record player. "They have very funny music." This was true, for the record sounded just like breaking windows, splintering wood, and people fighting. Donald pulled a face. "If that's the best they can teach you at school you're not going to learn much."

"That's what we say," cried his nephews, "so there's no use going back there. Hurray for Unca Donald. No more school!" And they joined hands and danced around Donald until he was dizzy and almost lost his voice trying to make himself heard.

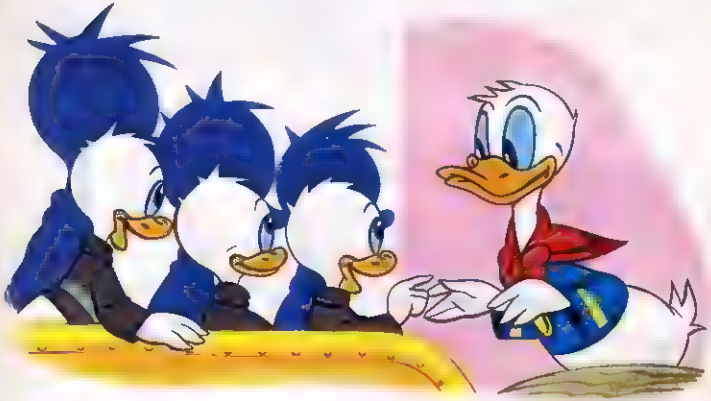
"Now just hold on a minute," yelled Donald, his face turning blue with the effort. "I didn't say that you needn't go to school. I just said that you're not going to learn much."

"What a rotten swiz," said Dewey, "and we thought that you meant we didn't have to go to school anymore."

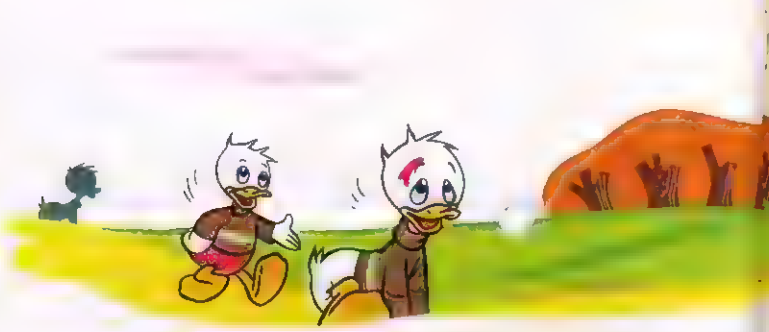
"Yes," agreed Huey, "we never thought you'd swindle us, Unca." They all looked at Donald with such disappointed expressions that he felt pretty mean. Then he had an idea.

"Tell you what I'll do boys," he said. "I'll show you what school was like when I went and you can see what I mean."

"Yes," agreed Louie, "you're always telling us that school days are the best days, now we will be able to see why."



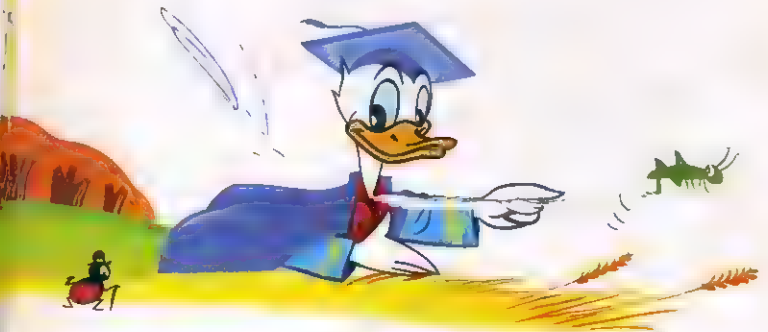
So Donald found the hat and gown that his teacher had given him the day he left school. They were tucked away in an old trunk in the attic. They were rather dusty but still fitted him. Donald put them on and walked into the room where his nephews had put desks and a blackboard, just like a real school. "Morning boys," said Donald, as he came in. "Morning, teacher!" replied the boys.



"This morning," said Donald in his best teacher's voice, "we are going to do sums. Lesson One—one and one are two." "Can I ask a question, Unca . . . I mean, teacher?" asked Huey. "What are twenty and twenty?"

"Twenty and twenty?" gulped Donald, when he found out that he only had ten fingers to count on, "that comes in the next lesson. It's a nice day for Nature Study."

So Donald took them for a walk in the country for their Nature Study lesson. "Now boys," he told them, "Nature Study was my favourite lesson. Walking in the country and finding out about the plants and the animals is very good." But Louie, Dewey and Huey would rather have gone to the zoo or a cricket match. It was tiring tramping up hill and down dale with their Unca Donald.



"This is the life, boys!" said Donald, as he took such long strides that his nephews had to run to keep up with him. "I haven't enjoyed myself so much in years. Now help me over this fence—we're going across this field."

"Well," said Dewey, doubtfully, "I don't think we ought to." "Neither do I, Unca Donald," said Louie.

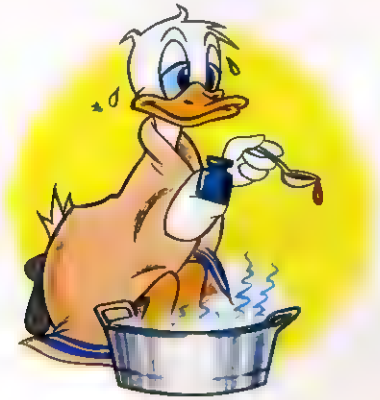
"Don't be silly!" said Donald. "The farmer won't mind."

But Louie, Dewey and Huey wouldn't follow their uncle into the field. Donald laughed at their fears and walked out to the middle of the field just to prove that there was nothing to be afraid of. But he hadn't seen the warning notice that they saw. The notice read: "Beware of the Bull".

"There you are," called Donald to his nephews leaning over the gate, "there's no need to worry. Follow me, boys." Suddenly, Donald heard a loud drumming noise. He turned to see a huge bull charging down at him. For a moment he was unable to move. Then he ran so fast that his feet didn't seem to touch the ground. But the bull galloped even faster and tossed poor Donald high over the fence and into a stream.

His nephews pulled Donald out with the aid of a long stick. As he dripped at the side of the stream, Donald gave a huge sneeze—he'd caught a bad cold. Then an angry farmer ran up waving a shotgun. The lads wanted to run off but Donald wouldn't hear of it. But they ran off anyway and Donald soon followed when the farmer began shooting at him. They didn't stop running until they reached home.

"Well," puffed the boys, "if those days were the happiest of your life, Unca Donald, we're glad that we missed them." And as Donald wrapped himself in a blanket, dosed himself with cough medicine and put his feet in a hot mustard bath, he had to agree with them. "Aaaaaatishooo!!!"



OUT FOR A WALK!

Pluto's Poem

"Let's go for a walk,"
Said Minnie one day.
"Come along, Pluto,
You know the way!"
So out they went
Along the lane,
But Pluto was soon
On his own again
Woof! Woof!

That silly old dog
Had run on ahead
And lost himself
In a thistle bed.
With a single bound
He was out of that patch
With lots of stings
For a dog to scratch.
Woof! Woof!

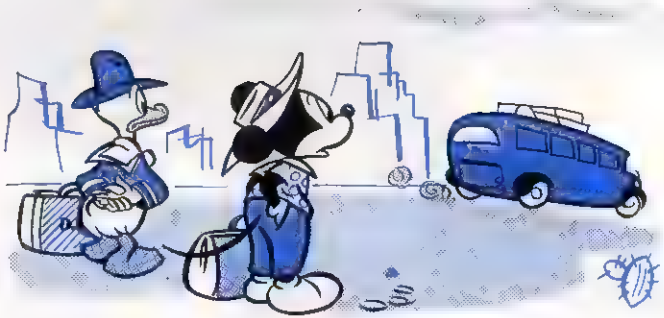
Then Pluto ran off
Into the trees
After a rabbit
Who'd stopped to sneeze.
But soon he was lost,
As lost as could be
And it was nearly
Time for his tea.
Woof! Woof!

He startled a cat
Down by the bog
Where the pussycats live
Inside a big log.
"Miau," said the cat,
In a gruff sort of way,
To that mischievous dog
Who wanted to play.
Woof! Woof!

Then he decided
To follow a bee
And bumped into Minnie
Near a big tree.
"Come on now Pluto,
It's time to go home,
And what would you say
To a nice juicy bone?"
Woof! ! ! Woof! ! !

"YIPPEE! Ride 'em cowboy! Yahoo!" yelled Donald excitedly. "If you don't stop making so much noise," warned the motor coach conductor, "I shall be forced to throw you off the coach. You are annoying the other passengers."

Donald saw red. He rolled up his sleeves and charged.



Here they were, he and Mickey, on holiday in the Wild West and their fun was being spoilt by a lot of old meanies.

"Hold on, Donald," pleaded Mickey, "let's get to Texas." But it was too late. Within two minutes they were out on the side of the road with their suitcases. And the coach was disappearing into the distance. Donald shook his fist at the bus as it drove away across the desert and out of sight.

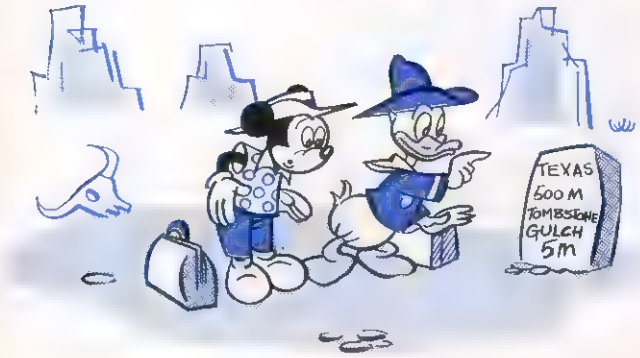
"Gosh darn it," he said, "they can't do that to us!"

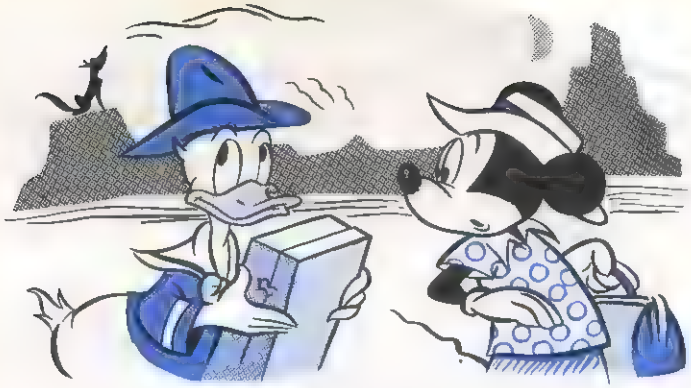
"Yes they can," said Mickey. "It says on the back of the ticket that if you annoy the other passengers—out you go!"

"We should have come by stagecoach," groaned Donald. "They wouldn't mind a bit of noise."

They carried their suitcases along the road until the next milestone. As they marched along the road they passed the skulls and bones of cattle that had died of thirst in the bygone times. When they reached the milestone it read: "Texas—Five Hundred Miles. Tombstone Gulch—Five Miles."

"Well," said Mickey, "I don't think we'll try to walk to Texas. Let's go to Tombstone Gulch." "It sounds like a proper Wild West town," said Donald. "I hope we meet some cowboys soon. I want to see them shoot." "Let's hope they don't shoot us," said Mickey. "The Wild West is a pretty tough place from what I've heard." So they started walking in the direction of Tombstone Gulch.



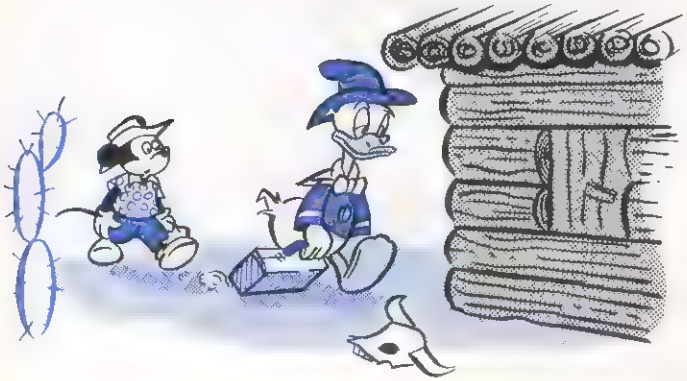


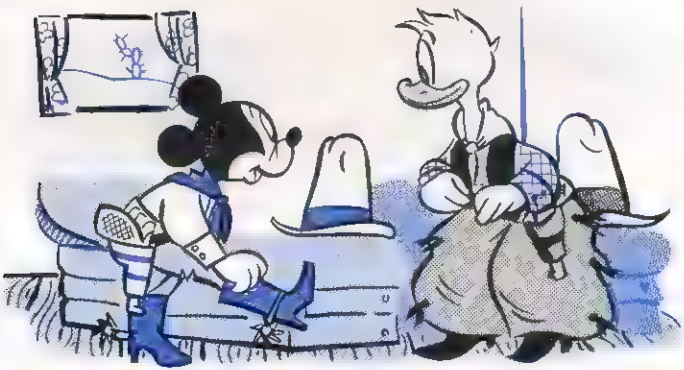
Soon it was night time and they had to stumble along in the dark. It was very hot on the road so they decided to walk on the sand at the side. Then Donald had the bright idea to take a short cut. They tramped through the sand until the moon came out. But this made things worse because the rocks threw long frightening shadows and prairie dogs howled.

"I–I–I'm g–g–glad it t t takes a l l lot to m–m–make me s–s–scared," stuttered Donald, as the wind groaned in the rocks. Mickey didn't say anything because he didn't want Donald to hear his teeth chattering. At last, as dawn was breaking, they came upon a wide road which they followed until they came to a milestone that read "Tombstone Gulch —Five Miles!"

They had walked in a complete circle! Poor Mickey flopped down in the sand and even Donald could hardly find the strength to shake his fist at a buzzard perched on a rock nearby. "Come on," said Mickey, after a while, "there's a log cabin over there. Perhaps they've got a motor car to take us to town. And perhaps they'll give us breakfast."

The thought of bacon and eggs, with brown bread and butter and hot coffee, was too much for Donald. He ran all the way to the cabin and banged on the door. The door swung open—the cabin was empty. Donald went inside and looked around. There was plenty of food inside, and wood to make a cooking fire. By the time Mickey arrived Donald had cooked a meal.





When they had eaten and left some money to pay for the food, they looked in the other room of the cabin. There on the bed were two cowboy outfits with ten-gallon hats and sixguns.

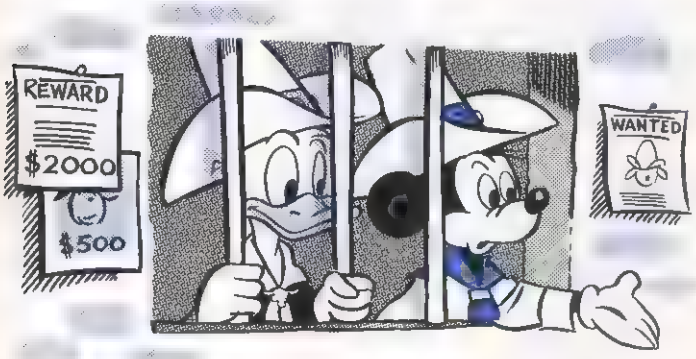
"Let's try on these Wild West clothes," said Donald. "I don't think we should," replied Mickey. "Supposing the owners come back and get annoyed?" But it was too late, Donald was already putting on his outfit. So Mickey did the same and followed him outside. There was a gentle looking brown horse in a little fenced-in field.

"I think I shall put a saddle on that horse," said Donald, "and go for a little ride in the desert."

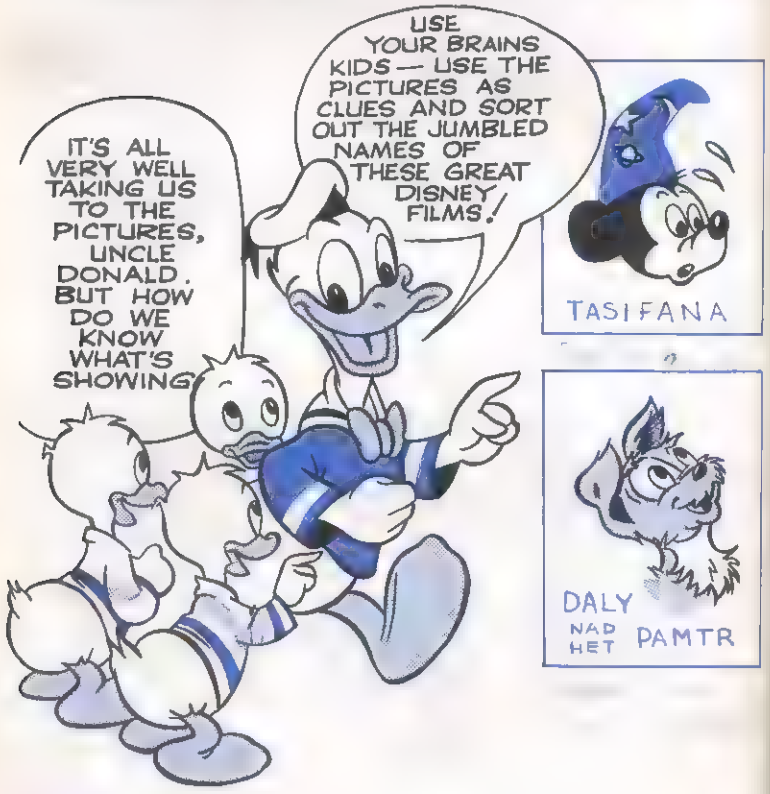
"But you can't ride a horse," Mickey pointed out.

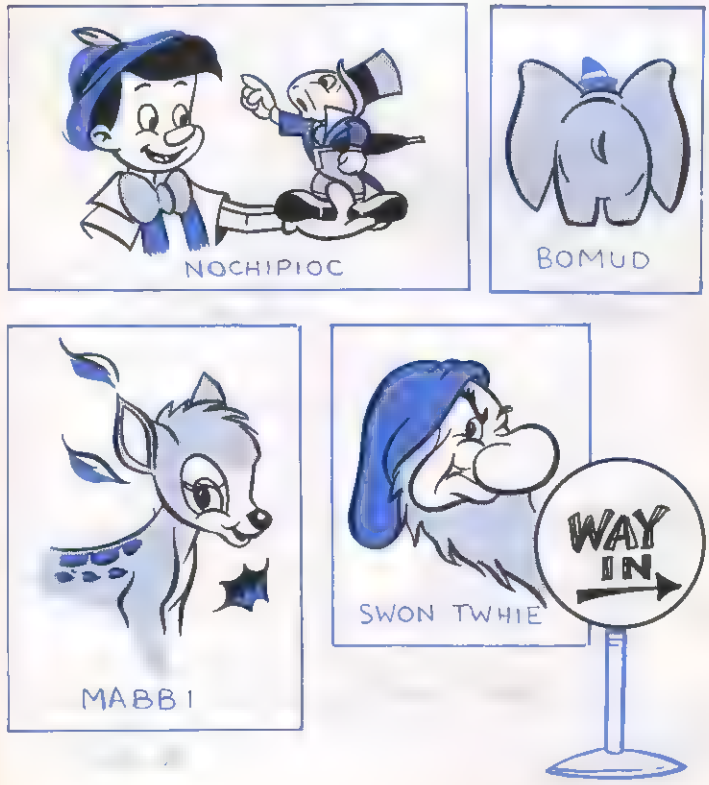
"This one looks very quiet," said Donald. And in a few minutes he had the horse saddled and ready to ride. The horse didn't move until Donald climbed into the saddle, then it bucked and jumped and Donald was thrown into a patch of prickly cactus. Mickey helped him back to the cabin and was just pulling out the prickles with tweezers when the door was flung open and in walked the Sheriff with his deputies.

"Hands up, Black Jake, and you too, Bandit Fred," cried the Sheriff, pointing his gun. They had put on the clothes of two famous robbers! Donald and Mickey were taken off to jail where they spent the rest of their holiday explaining that they weren't really bandits at all!



DISNEY PUZZLE PICTURE SHOW

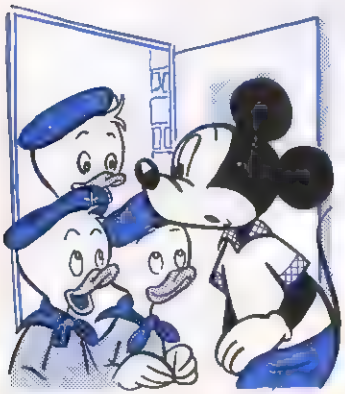

USE YOUR BRAINS KIDS — USE THE PICTURES AS CLUES AND SORT OUT THE JUMBLED NAMES OF THESE GREAT DISNEY FILMS!
IT'S ALL VERY WELL TAKING US TO THE PICTURES, UNCLE DONALD. BUT HOW DO WE KNOW WHAT'S SHOWING
TASIFANA
DALY
NAD HET PAMTR



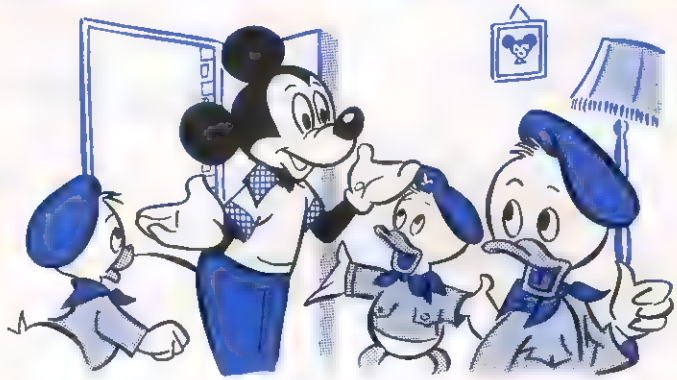
A GOOD DEED A DAY... KEEPS MICKEY AWAY

THERE was a loud knock at the front door as Mickey was getting ready to go fishing. He opened the door to see Donald and his three nephews, Louie, Dewey and Huey standing on the porch. "Hello Mickey," said Donald. "I've got to go to the city on important business. Will you look after my three nephews while I'm gone? I'll be back this evening."

Mickey was a bit doubtful because he knew that Donald's nephews could be very naughty when they felt like it.



But they looked so quiet and good standing on the porch in their Boy Scout suits that Mickey agreed to look after them until Donald returned. It was a trick really, because Donald had been looking after them all week and was tired out with their naughtiness!

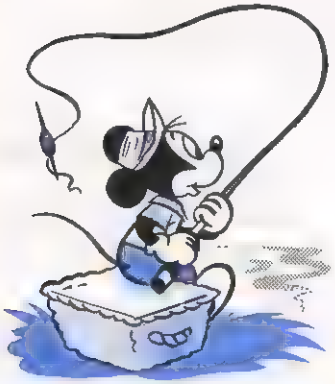


As soon as Mickey agreed to look after the boys, Donald ran to his car, waved goodbye, and was gone in a cloud of dust. This made Mickey suspicious, but Louie, Dewey and Huey stood politely waiting for him to tell them what to do. So he decided to take them with him on his fishing expedition.

"I'm going fishing, boys," he said. "How would you like to come along? I've got three extra rods that you can use." The lads went wild with excitement and threw their hats in the air because their Uncle Donald had always kept them at home.

The reason that Donald kept them at home and wouldn't let them out of the garden was because it cost him so much money. Those naughty nephews of his had broken windows and chased chickens and Donald had had to pay for the damage.

"Come on, boys," said Mickey, "the sooner we get to the river the sooner we start catching fish." So off they went carrying rods and fishing baskets and a picnic lunch. Those naughty boys pretended to Mickey that they were very good when all the time they were planning all kinds of tricks to play on him. At last they arrived at the river. Mickey sat on his fishing basket and cast his line into the water. It floated downstream, and around the bend. "Come on," whispered Louie, and they slipped away quietly.

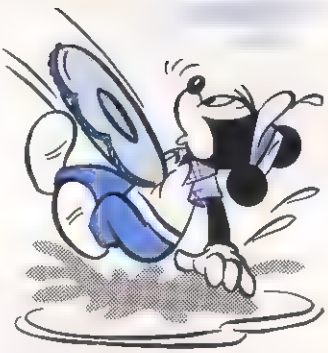


They crept through the bushes to the other side of the bend. They hooked Mickey's fishing line out of the water and tied it to a very supple tree. Then they crept back to where Mickey sat.

"I think you've caught a

fish," cried Louie. And Mickey pulled on the line.

"I've caught a big one," yelled Mickey, as he felt the tree pulling back on the line. But the tree was very supple and though it bent when he pulled on his fishing rod, it sprang back as soon as Mickey stopped pulling—and it sprang back with a great twang!



Poor Mickey was pulled from the bank as the tree sprang back, and he flew over the trees and landed in the river.

"Don't worry," cried Dewey, "we will rescue you!"

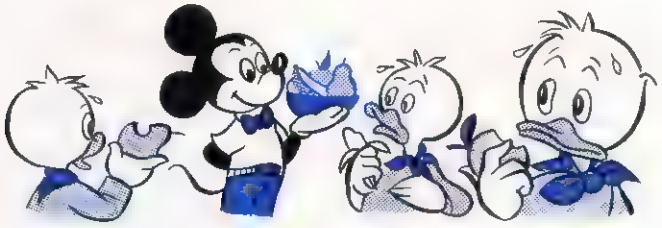
And he threw a lifebelt just as Mickey was scrambling out of the river. It hit him in the tummy and he fell back in the river. At last, Mickey managed to scramble out, further downstream. The boys came running along the bank just at that moment. They saw Mickey crawling up the bank, so they jumped on him and began to give him artificial respiration.

"Don't worry," said Huey, "we're Scouts and we know how to help people who have fallen in the water."

Then they built a fire to dry Mickey's clothes. But those naughty boys put them too near the fire and they were burned. Poor Mickey had to wear an old barrel that he found in a field. On the way home Louie, Dewey and Huey kept blowing their Boy Scout trumpets and people came out to see what the noise was all about. When they saw Mickey they all laughed.

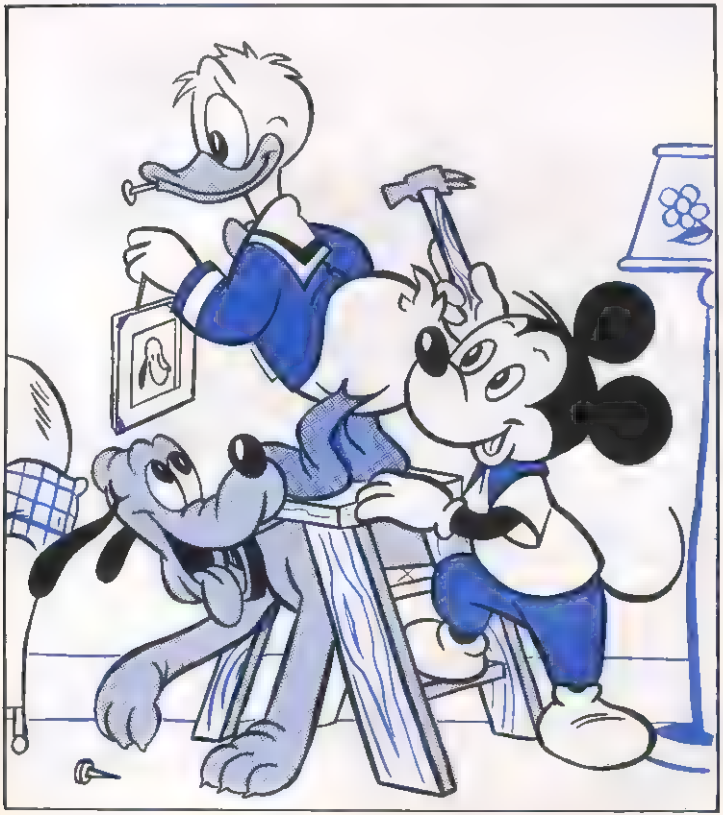
At last, they reached home and Mickey went upstairs to change. Before he went upstairs, he warned them not to touch the bowl of fruit in the living room. But they were so naughty that they immediately began eating the fruit.

When Mickey came down again he saw what they had done and he laughed and he laughed. The fruit they had eaten was wax fruit! The doctor came to give them large doses of castor oil and put them to bed. "That'll teach them," said Mickey!



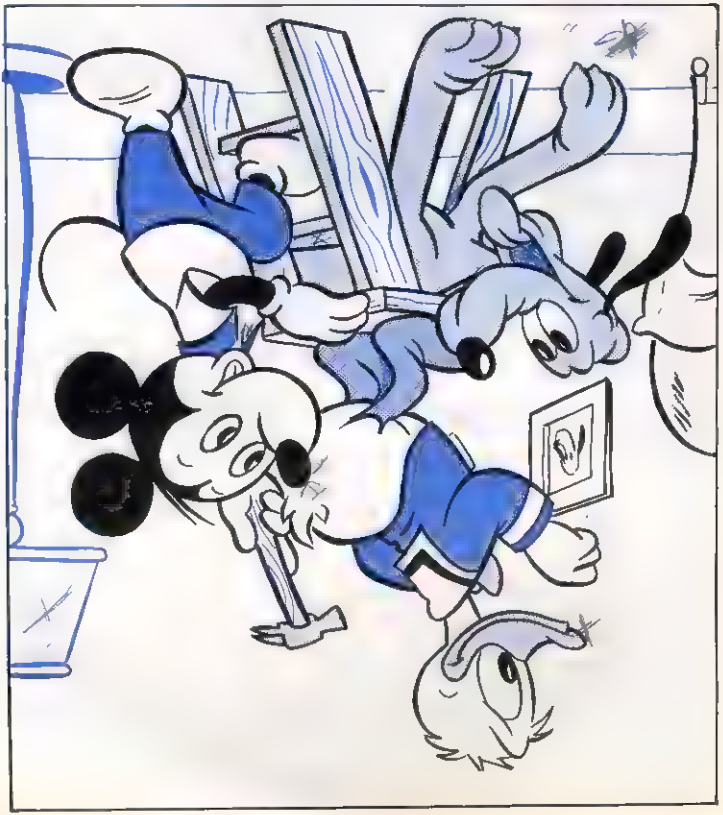
SPOTTER PUZZLE PIC

LOOK CAREFULLY AT THIS PICTURE — THEN TURN OVER AND SEE HOW MANY DIFFERENCES ON THE NEXT PAGE!



ANSWER

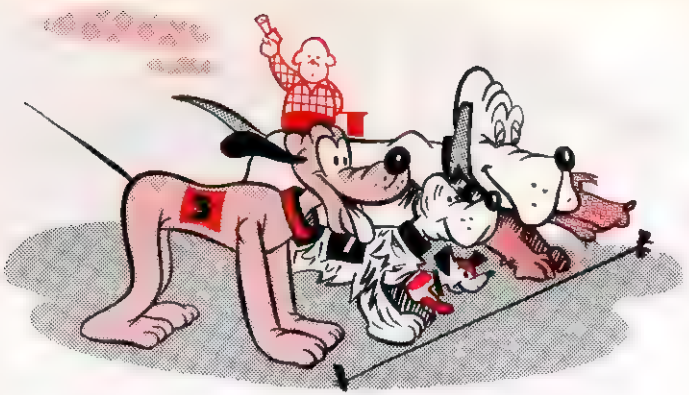
NO nail on floor:
NO collar on Pluto:
NO cord on picture:
NO nail in Donald's mouth:
NO flower on lampshade:
NO pattern on cushion:



WINNING A RACE ISN'T AS EASY AS IT LOOKS — ESPECIALLY IF YOU STOP TO HELP OTHERS ON THE WAY.....

"HOW would you like to enter for that, Pluto?" asked Mickey. He was pointing at a notice board that read: "Annual Cross-Country Race for Dogs—To-day at Two O'clock! Entry Fee Two Pence. First Prize, As-Much-Meat-As-A-Dog-Can-Carry". Pluto wagged his tail and barked in a way that meant "yes". For Pluto was the fastest runner of all the dogs in town and he liked the idea of carrying away all that meat for the first prize.

Minnie wasn't too sure about letting him run in the race because it was a long way and very difficult. But she agreed after Pluto rolled on his back with his legs in the air to make her laugh.



They paid the entrance fee and Pluto was given a race number that was stuck on his side with glue. Then he had to line up at the Starting Line with all the other dogs. There were all kinds of dogs—small ones and tall ones, fat ones and thin ones. Mickey gave him a final pat on the head and wished him luck. Then the Starter fired his pistol and the race was on.

Pluto bounded into the lead out of sight of the other dogs. The race was a cross-country race, through fields and woods, over streams and mountains. But, as Pluto ran past an old well, he heard a frightened little voice calling for help. He ran over to the well and looking down saw that a small child had fallen into the water.

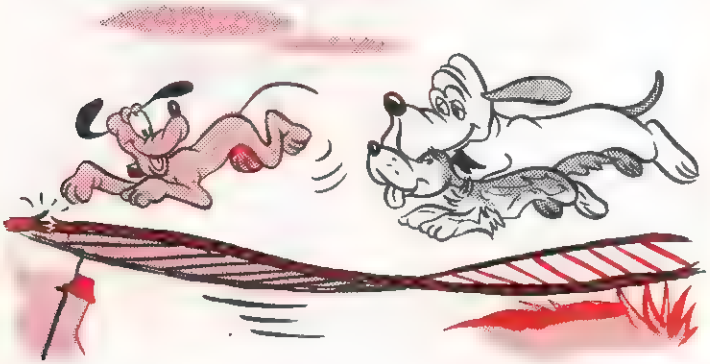
Pluto looked around for someone to help but there was nobody. So he knocked the handle that worked the well rope, and the bucket with the rope attached, fell down the well. The little child climbed into the bucket and Pluto began to wind up the rope holding the handle in his mouth.

Several times he almost let go but the thought of that little child in danger helped him to hang on.

At last the bucket was at the top and the child got out and ran off home. But Pluto was still in the race and he ran off as fast as he could. When he first stopped at the well he had been leading the race—now he was last!

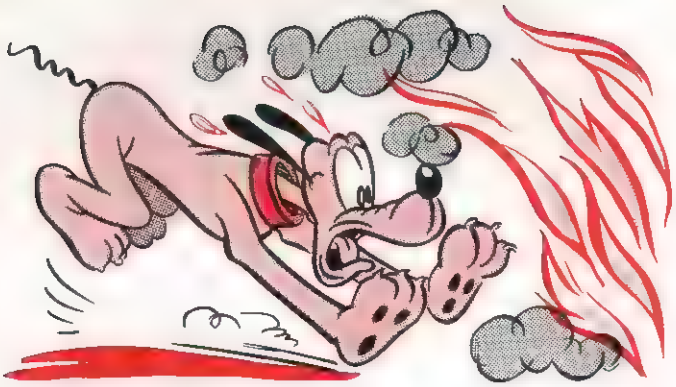
Pluto raced over ditches and through hedges at a terrific speed. All the time he was passing other dogs that were in the race, until at last, on a big mountain, he passed the dog that was leading. Once more, Pluto was first and he was determined to stay in the lead. He was running across a bridge made of ropes, closely followed by some of the dogs that he had overtaken, when the ropes began to break.

One by one, the ropes snapped until there was just one rope that was stopping the bridge from plunging into a deep ravine where a rushing mountain stream foamed far below. As Pluto jumped off the bridge, the last rope broke. He turned and grabbed the end of the rope in his mouth.



Bracing his feet against the rock, Pluto pulled on the rope with all his might. The bridge swung to and fro but it didn't fall. The other dogs all crossed safely. Pluto had saved the day! But by the time every dog had crossed over the bridge Pluto was last.

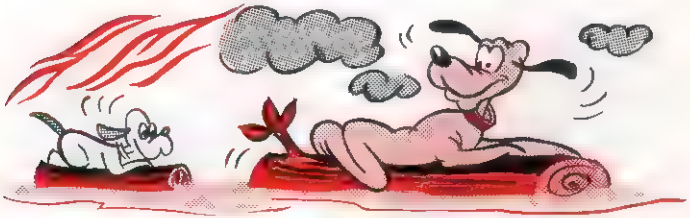
He let go of the rope and watched the bridge crash down on to the rocks below before he turned and chased after the other runners. This time it took Pluto a lot longer to catch up with them. But he kept up his fast pace thinking all the time about the first prize that he was going to enjoy when he had won the race. "All-the-meat-a-dog-can-carry."



Gradually, Pluto passed all the other runners until he was in the lead once more. Pluto felt very tired so he didn't run too quickly. He just ran fast enough to keep a hundred yards in front of the dogs that were chasing him. On and on he ran, wondering how much further he had to go. The path led between two high rocks. He ran through the gap and saw a terrible sight. Some careless campers or picnickers had not put out their fire properly. The flames had set fire to the grass and now the trees were alight. As Pluto watched, a great tree crashed to the ground, sending up a shower of sparks. Already, the flames were creeping along the edge of the rocks and if the dogs didn't go back, they'd be trapped!

■

Pluto turned and ran back towards the other dogs. They all stopped when they saw him barking wildly. They thought that it was a trick to help him win the race—they couldn't see the flames that were hidden by the rocks. One or two of the dogs tried to get past him but Pluto bared his teeth and growled at them. Then the flames leapt above the rocks and they knew what was happening. They ran off in a pack, just ahead of the flames, until they reached a river. There were great logs which they jumped on and floated out into the river. At last, the flames were left far behind as they floated along on the logs. Pluto's log was in front as they came round a bend in the river and saw that they were near the finishing line for the race. Pluto leapt into the water and swam ashore. He clambered up the bank and crossed the finishing line just as the other dogs raced up. He had won the race and the first prize after all. Good old Pluto!



NOW THAT I'M A REAL BOY

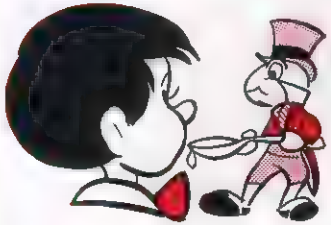
PINOCCHIO'S POEM

Now that I'm a real boy
I can run and jump,
Fall down with a bump!
There's cakes for tea
(That's two for me)
And lemonade,
Or a circus parade!
There's lots of joy
For a real boy!

Now that I'm a real boy
I've been to school,
And a swimming pool.
I've eaten cheese
That made me sneeze,
I've climbed a hill
And seen a mill!
There's lots of joy
For a real boy!

Now that I'm a real boy
I can see the sky,
Eat apple pie,
Sing a song,
Grow tall and strong,
Play the whistle,
Pick a thistle!
There's lots of joy
For a real boy

Now that I'm a real boy
I can laugh aloud,
Watch a cloud.
I've a suit of blue,
And a pot of glue,
A cricket bat
And a ginger cat!
There's lots of joy
For a real boy!



Now that I'm a real boy
There's chocolate cake,
Medicine to take,
Football boots,
Scratchy suits,
Tomato sauce
And sweets, of course!
There's lots of joy
For a real boy.

Now that I'm a real boy.
It's time for bed.
So daddy said,
No more play,
Not today,
No need for sorrow,
I can play tomorrow!
There's lots of joy
For a real boy.

DID YOU KNOW

THESE FASCINATING FACTS ABOUT THE WALT DISNEY FAMILY!

In Walt Disney's early days as an artist, a little mouse used to perch on the edge of the drawing board, in his studio. Walt Disney sketched the little mouse and turned him into the famous character we now call Mickey Mouse.

Mickey Mouse is called 'Topolino' in Italy, Mickey Maus in Germany, Mikke Mus in Norway, Ratan Mickey throughout South America and just plain Miki in Turkey.

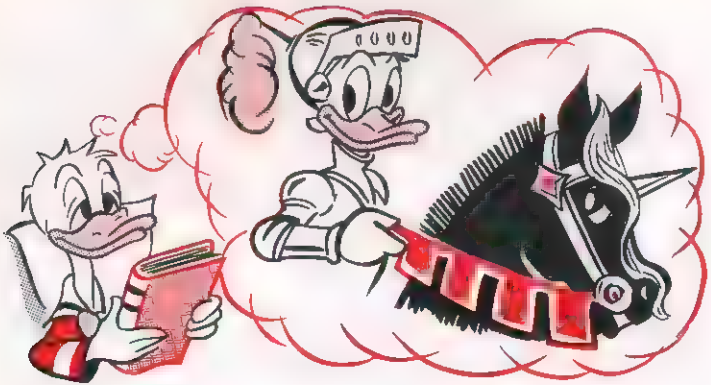
Mickey Mouse appears in most of the weekly and monthly Disney magazines which are now published throughout 67 countries in languages ranging from English to Arabic and Japanese. Total sales of Disney magazines throughout the world exceeds 15,000,000 copies every month!

THROUGH DREAMLAND INTO FAIRYLAND

...WITH DONALD AND CHUMS

"AAAAHHHHH!" yawned Donald Duck. "Gosh, I do feel sleepy tonight!" He was wearing his long red nightshirt and his knitted bedcap with the long tassel. He put the candle carefully on the table and climbed into his big four-poster bed. He picked up a book.

"What's this!" he grumbled. "Some book those naughty nephews of mine left here when they were playing this afternoon." He opened the book and read the title. "The Bumper Book of Fairy Tales." He turned the pages and began to read one of the stories about a prince that lived in Duckland.



"Once upon a time," read Donald, out loud, "there was a good and handsome prince who lived in Duckland, called Prince Donald of the Lake. He was riding along on his charger one day, on his way to free the beautiful Princess Donna. She was locked in the highest tower of a castle by the wicked King of Pongolia . . ." The book slipped from Donald's hand, and he fell asleep. And as he slept, he dreamed that he was Prince Donald of the Lake dressed in full armour and riding on a black charger.

His three nephews, Louie, Dewey and Huey rode behind on mules carrying his lances with flags flying. And at his heels trotted his faithful dog –a dog that bore a remarkable resemblance to Pluto!

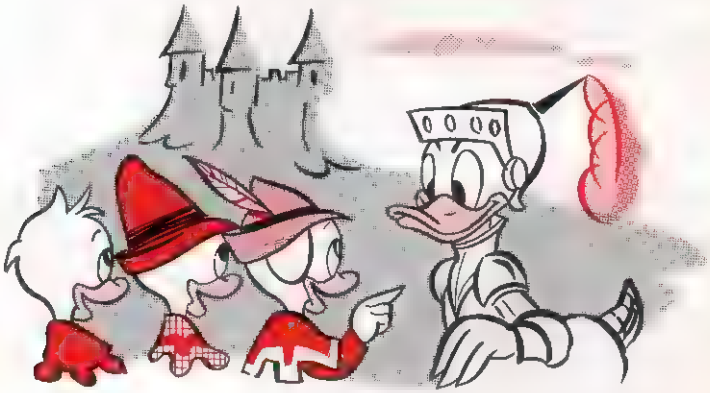
"There," cried Prince Donald, pointing into the distance, "there is the castle of the wicked King of Pongolia. And in that highest tower is locked the princess, the fair Donna."

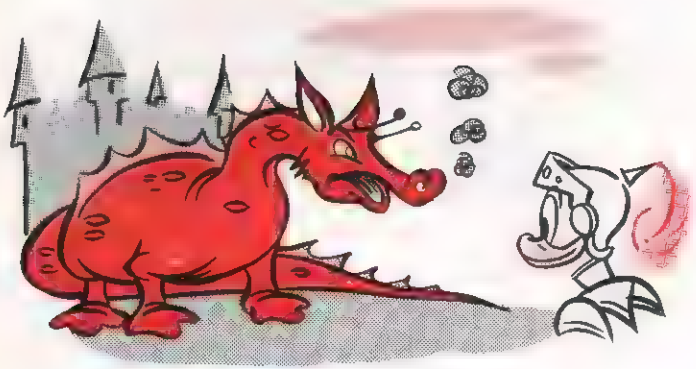
"Are we going to rescue her?" asked Louie.

"Of course," said Prince Donald, "why do you ask?"

"Well," said Louie, doubtfully, "I've heard that the King has a huge dragon that he keeps locked in a dungeon. This dragon breathes flames and he keeps the castle warm in the winter. But if someone the king doesn't like approaches the castle, he lets the dragon out to attack them!"

When they heard this, Dewey and Huey turned a bit green, for they had no wish to have fire breathed over them.





"C–c–couldn't w–w–we j–just l–l–leave t t–the K K–King alone?" asked Dewey, as he tried to stop his teeth chattering. "Of course not!" cried Prince Donald. "We must free the fair Princess Donna from the clutches of that wicked King."

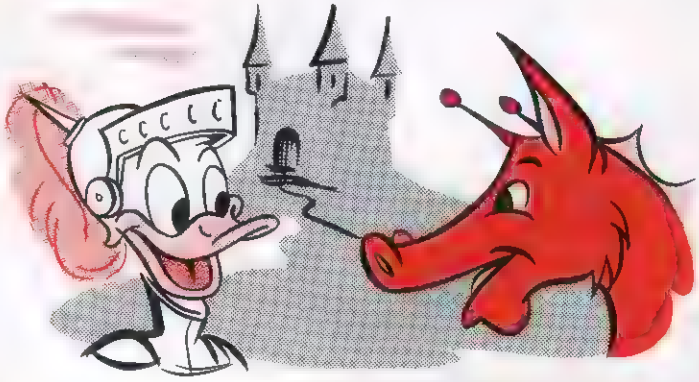
So they rode up to the castle walls, where Donald threw down his gauntlet as a challenge to the King. After a little while, the drawbridge came down with a crash and the dragon came running out. He wasn't breathing fire, in fact, he was coughing a little bit.

"Ho there, dragon!" cried Prince Donald. "Prepare to battle for the fair princess." And he made ready to charge. "Not yet," said the dragon, "I'll tell you when."

Donald nearly fell off his horse in surprise at what the dragon had said. "What do you mean, dragon?" asked Donald. "Pretend to run away from me," said the dragon, "and as soon as we are out of sight of the castle, I'll explain it all."

So the dragon roared and Prince Donald pretended that he was afraid and let the dragon chase him behind some rocks.

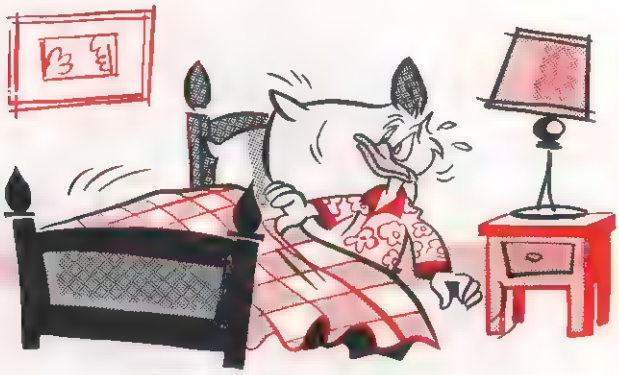
"Well," said the dragon, as soon as they were out of sight of the castle, "that wicked King of Pongolia keeps me locked in a cold dungeon all day and I've caught a terrible cold in the nose. And it's put my fire out, so now I can't breathe flames like I used to. I'm really Prince Mickey Mouse—the King has put a spell on me."



"Why don't you run away?" asked Donald.

"Because," said the dragon, "I have to get the locket that the King wears in order to break the spell he's put on me." So they worked out a plan to rescue Princess Donna and free Prince Mickey from the spell. They pretended that Donald had lost the fight. The dragon took him back to the castle and when the King came out to see the prisoner, they jumped on him and snatched the locket.

Mickey immediately turned back into himself and the wicked King's power was gone for ever. Prince Donald freed the fair Princess Donna and they all lived happily ever after—that is until Donald fell out of bed and woke up. It was just a dream, after all!



We're off to...

Disneyland

TO THE LAND OF MAGIC KINGDOMS

THIS book is called "Disneyland" because its pages are full of characters, stories and all that is fun from the land of Walt Disney. But does a real Disneyland exist? Where is it? What is it? How do you get there?
Well, a real Disneyland does exist! It is what we would usually call a fairground or amusement park, but it is much more than that! Known as the Magic Kingdom, Disneyland is built on a permanent 165-acre site about 20 miles south-east of Los Angeles in California, America. It was first opened to the public in 1955 and since then the six million or so visitors each year have included at least a dozen kings and queens, eighteen presidents and prime ministers from all over the world and scores of celebrities.

How did Disneyland begin?

It was Walt Disney himself who first dreamed of building Disneyland as far back as the 1930's not long after the first Mickey Mouse and other famous early cartoon characters had hopped from his drawing board. Planning and developments were held up by the war years. Then, when the building of Disneyland began in 1954, it was Walt Disney who was determined that his pleasure park would be like no other entertainment centre in the world. He wanted a place to which visitors could come to actually take part in memorable experiences—to re-live life as it was in the past, might be in the future and as it is today in some of the wild and far-flung corners of the world which few ever have the chance to see

What did Disneyland become?

Almost overnight Disneyland became one of the world's greatest playgrounds In designing his Magic Kingdom, Walt Disney did not call on the services of experts from ordinary fairgrounds. He surrounded himself with advisers from industry, electronic experts, rocket and space-ship builders and art directors and creative people from the film industry.
Visitors now wander through Disneyland's Kingdom of gigantic and realistic settings, ride on the most modern forms of transport, take a trip around the moon, meet Alice in Wonderland and plunge to the depths of the ocean in a nuclear submarine Most of life's adventures have been realistically re-created
The pictures around these pages will give you some idea of the excitement and colour of the Magic Kingdom of Disneyland. The Magic Kingdom is divided into five smaller "kingdoms"—"Main Street, U.S.A.", Frontierland", "Adventureland", "Tomorrowland" and "Fantasyland"—and we hope that the next few pages will introduce you to their individual magic!

MAIN STREET U.S.A.

DISNEYLAND really beings at the base of the flagpole in Town Square on "Main Street, U.S.A." It is the first of Disneyland's magic kingdoms—magic because it is an exact replica of any Main Street in an American town at the turn of the century and as such puts back the clock to more than sixty years ago.
Visitors can stroll along the one-and-a-half mile length of Main Street to the "um-pa-pa" of a band concert in Town Square.
They may wish to travel leisurely in a horse-drawn surrey, or in a chugging replica of any of the vintage vehicles which each year travel more than 23,000 miles up and down the avenue to the centre of the Magic Kingdom and starting point for other magic journeys.

TOMORROWLAND

YOU might like travelling to "Tomorrowland" at 45 m.p.h. on the 106-seat monorail pictured on the right This highway in the sky is a link between several Disneyland kingdoms and was one of the first monorails in operation anywhere in the world.
But once in "Tomorrowland" you begin fantastic journeys through time and space.
From Disneyland's Spaceport you take off in a rocket for a super trip around the moon.
Then there is a plunge to the depths of the ocean along with 37 other passengers in a scale model of one of America's nuclear powered submarines. You will be gliding past sunken treasure guarded by sharks and and a sea serpent, see a mermaid lagoon, go beneath the Polar ice-cap and visit the lost city of Atlantis!

FANTASYLAND

"FANTASYLAND" is the magic kingdom in which you will meet most of the characters from the pages of children's classic storybooks –Alice in Wonderland, the Seven Dwarfs and a host of other Disney cartoon people pictured here on this page!
You pass over the drawbridge of this, the "happiest kingdom" and enter the courtyard of Sleeping Beauty castle.
Here you find all the fun of a normal fairground, but with a difference! For instance, the children in the picture on the bottom right are riding on a flying Dumbo, Walt Disney's famous elephant!
But the real magic of this particular kingdom is not in these outdoor attractions—it is to be found in the fabulous indoor settings where you can take a trip through the "Enchanted Forest" or ride in Peter Pan's pirate galleon soaring high above the streets of London Town to Never-Never Land. Caterpillar cars will hurtle you down the Rabbit Hole into the Upside Down Room, the Garden of Live Flowers, Tulgey Wood and other settings from Alice's Wonderland. You can follow Mr. Toad along the Road to Nowhere in Particular. In all attractions (and these are just a few of many) the genius of Walt Disney and his model-makers brings to life a cavalcade of colour and wonder for the enjoyment of young and old alike!

ADVENTURELAND

IN order to build "Adventureland" Walt Disney had to transform what was originally a sandy-soiled orange grove into a botanical wonderland of artificial waterways bordered by living plants. Each year more than half-a-million plants and one thousand trees are transplanted to maintain springtime in the winter and showtime all the year round.

It is against this background that you start out on your Jungle River cruise, considered by many to be the finest spectacle in Disneyland.

Along with thirty-two other passengers you set off in a canopied launch to cruise on dangerous and mysterious tropic rivers through authentic scenery. "Please remove your ear-rings," the pilot of the boat warns the passengers. "They attract head-hunters!"

The voyage continues. You explore the rain forest of the Amazon and the swirling rapids of the Nile. You spend desperate moments passing through the hippopotamus-filled waters of the Congo and in the picture above you see the guide finds it necessary to fire a few shots to scare them off!

But don't worry too much—they're only more of Disneyland's fabulous working models. They have the same sort of fantastic realism as the herd of elephants you will see squirting water at each other beneath a cascading waterfall. They're as breathtaking as the glimpse you will have of grasslands filled with zebras and lions, jackals and giraffe.

And they're no more real than the angry rhinoceros you will see as he corners his hunters taking refuge in the branches of a tree.

It is a tribute to the skill of the designers that, like most of the visitors to Disneyland, you will forget that all you really look at is a gigantic set of working models. Nevertheless, this truly is "Adventureland"!

FRONTIERLAND

WALT Disney was determined that Disneyland would show something of the pioneer development of America and as you pass through the log-stockade entrance to "Frontierland" you travel back in time to days of a hundred years ago.

"Frontierland" is built on the banks of the half-mile long "Rivers of America". Magnificent riverbank settings take you back to experience life as it was in the 1790's to the 1870's—the early frontier days of Davy Crockett, the charm and elegance of New Orleans, the lure of the ghost towns and the romance of Tom Sawyer's Mississippi river.

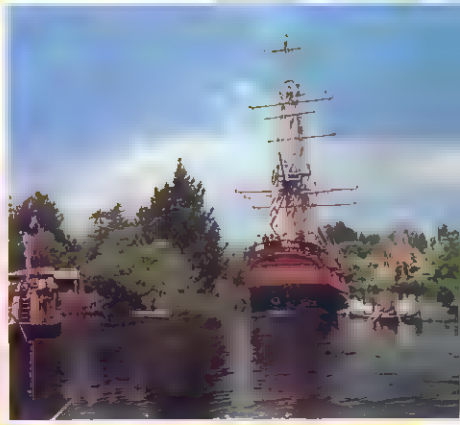
Bordering the waterway there is also "Nature's Wonderland", a seven-acre attraction where you will see more than 200 life-like animals, birds and reptiles.

With its forest, desert and mountains, a geyser spouting water seventy feet into the air and its colourful Rainbow Caverns, this Nature Wonderland is indeed the early western wilderness re-born for today's wonderment!

Understandably then, traffic on the "Rivers of America" is busy carrying visitors from one attraction to another. In fact, it is probably one of the world's busiest stretches of waterway.

In the picture opposite you can see the full size replica of the "Columbia", the first American ship to sail round the world.

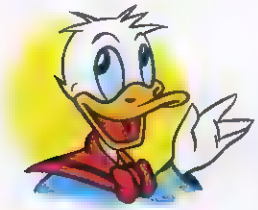
Below that is a picture of the "Mark Twain", a 105 feet long, 150 tons steamboat which carries 350 passengers as well as its crew and own band of 50 Dixieland musicians, up and down the river.



We're all friends together

MICKEY'S POEM

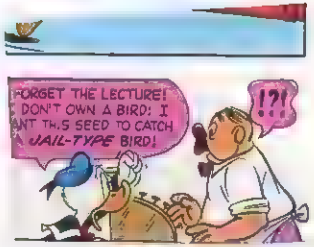
Hello, I'm Mickey Mouse.
This poem tells
You of my friends
You'll know each one
Before it ends.
I'll introduce
Each one to you
So you can share
Their friendship too.



Here's Donald Duck.
Donald is getting
A little bit fat,
His suit's very tight
And so is his hat.
He's not really greedy
When he gobbles in haste,
It's just that he's scared
The food's going to waste.

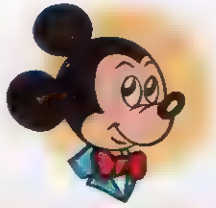
And that's Goofy.
Goofy is tall,
Far taller than me,
He's thinner than Donald,
Who's shorter than he.
On the art of fishing
His knowledge grows
But the most he has caught
Is a cold in his nose.

Hello, there, Pluto.
Pluto's my dog,
Some sort of hound,
You should see him run
With his nose to the ground.
He can run quite fast
After a stone—
He'll go even quicker
If you throw him a bone.

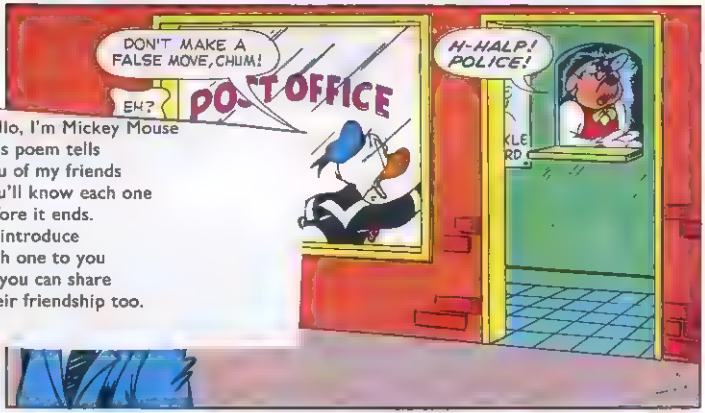


Why, that's Minnie Mouse.
Minnie is a kindly mouse,
All of us agree.
She bakes a lot of cakes
And has us round for tea.
We help her to wash up,
And not a word is spoken,
But even though we're quiet
The dishes still get broken!

Hello again, it's Mickey.
This is where
My poem ends,
I'm sorry you couldn't
Meet ALL of my friends.
Perhaps when next
I count them through
I'll have a new friend—
Someone like you!



Walt Disney's
DONALD DUCK ONE-DUCK MANHUNT



Hello, I'm Mickey Mouse
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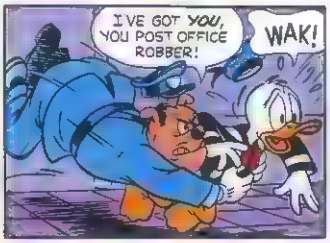
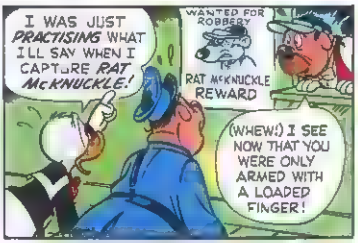
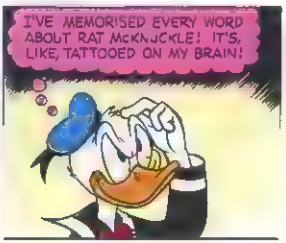
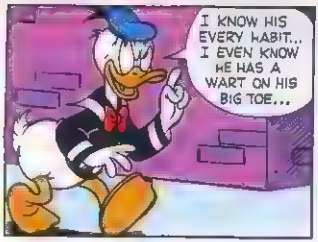
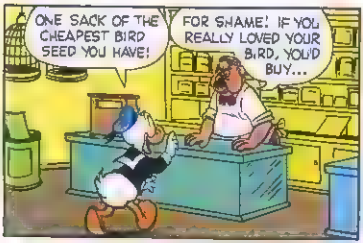


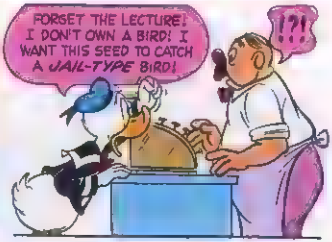

I WAS JUST PRACTISING WHAT I'LL SAY WHEN I CAPTURE RAT McKNUCKLE!
WANTED FOR ROBBERY
RAT McKNUCKLE REWARD
(WHEW!) I SEE NOW THAT YOU WERE ONLY ARMED WITH A LOADED FINGER!

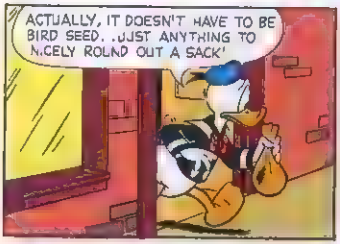



I KNOW HIS EVERY HABIT... I EVEN KNOW HE HAS A WART ON HIS BIG TOE...

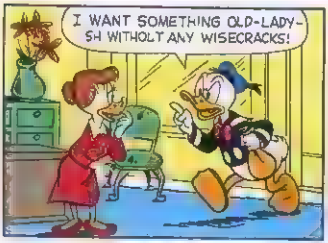
BUT IT'S TIME TO STOP REHEARSING AND ACTUALLY SET ABOUT TO CAPTURE THE RAT!
PET SHOP


ONE SACK OF THE CHEAPEST BIRD SEED YOU HAVE!
FOR SHAME! IF YOU REALLY LOVED YOUR BIRD, YOU'D BUY...


FORGET THE LECTURE! I DON'T OWN A BIRD! I WANT THIS SEED TO CATCH A JAIL-TYPE BIRD!
!?!


ACTUALLY, IT DOESN'T HAVE TO BE BIRD SEED. .JUST ANYTHING TO NICELY ROLND OUT A SACK!

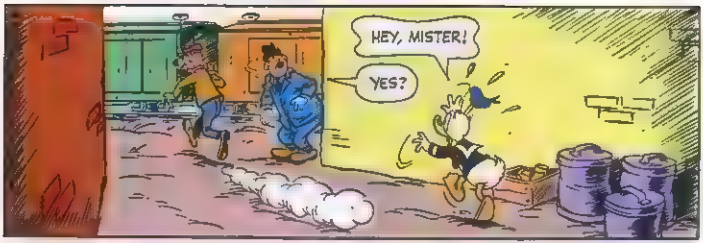
GAYLE'S DRESS SHOPPE
NOW COMES THE TOUGHEST PART TO CATCHING THAT CROOK!


I WANT SOMETHING OLD-LADY-SH WITHOLT ANY WISECRACKS!

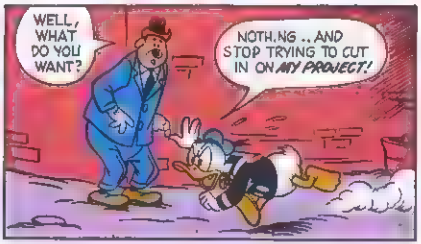
NOW I'M JUST ABOLT READY FOR ACTION...
AND NO SNIGGERS, EITHER!

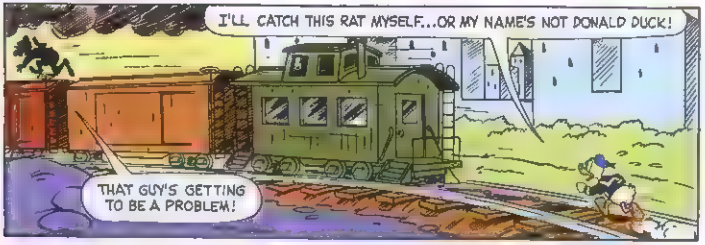
BANK OF DUCKBURG
ONE EMPTY MONEYBAG, PLEASE! HEH! I CAN'T AFFORD A FULL ONE!
YES, MA'AM!
NOW TO TRANSFER MY BIRD SEED AND THE TRAP IS BAITED!
!?!
RAT McKNUCKLE IS NOTORIOUS FOR ROBBING LI'L OLD LADIES LEAVING BANK'S WITH BAGS OF MONEY!
FOOEY! BUT THEN I DON'T IMAGINE I COULD BE SO LUCKY AS TO BE ROBBED MY FIRST TIME OUT!
IF AT F.RST YOU DON T SUCCEED...TRY TO BE ROBBED AGAIN, IS MY MOTTO!
AND SO, DONALD LEARNS THE INS-AND-OUTS OF THIEF-BAITING...
CITIZENS BANK
UNION BANK
3.90 NAT'L BANK
3.90 NAT'L BANK

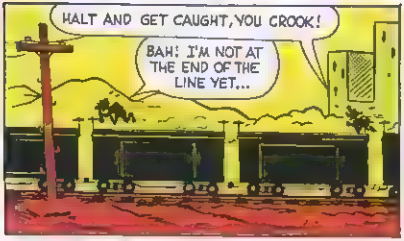
AND THEN, SUCCESS...
I'LL TAKE THAT, GRANNY.
YAY... I MEAN, EEK!
HAW-HAW...WHAT A RACKET...OLD GALS CAN'T EVEN GIVE CHASE!
THAT'S WHAT ME THINKS...
CLEVER ME! IF HE SEES ME COMING HE LL NEVER GUESS I'M HIS LATEST VICT.M!
AHA! THERE HE IS...
HEH! THIS IS GO NG TO BE TOO EASY...
GERONIMO!
HAW! YOU SHOULDN'T RUSH YOUR TACKLES, CHUM!
WAK!
CRASH!

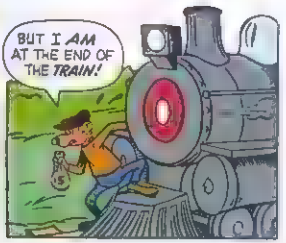

HEY, MISTER!
YES?

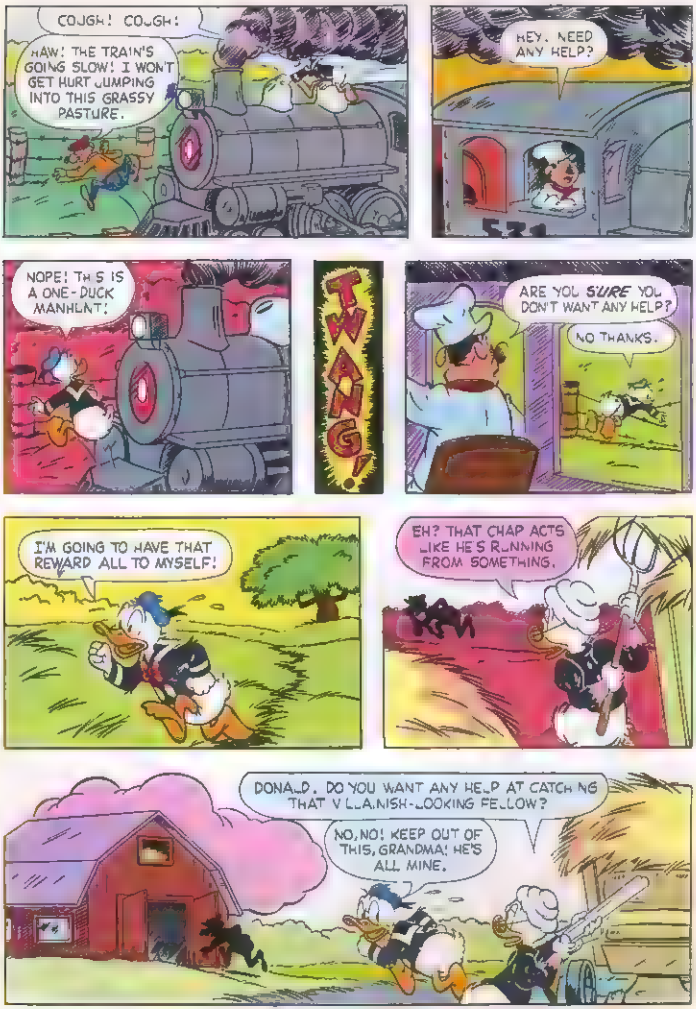
UH-OH...IF I GET ANY OUTSIDE HELP, I'LL HAVE TO SHARE THE REWARD!

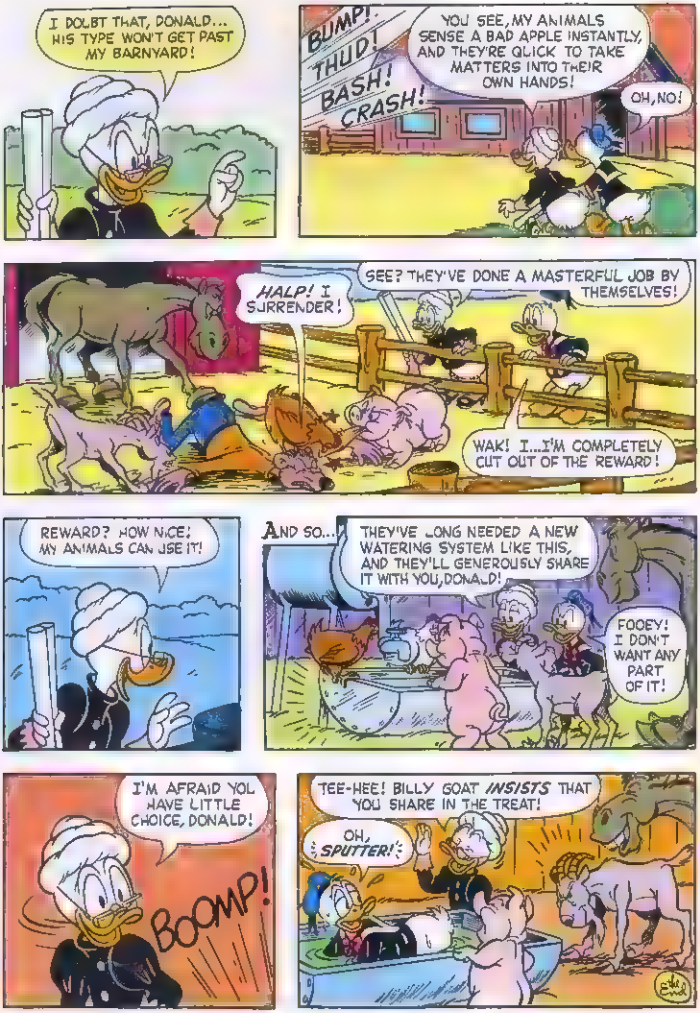

WELL, WHAT DO YOU WANT?
NOTHING .. AND STOP TRYING TO CUT IN ON *MY PROJECT!*


I'LL CATCH THIS RAT MYSELF...OR MY NAME'S NOT DONALD DUCK!
THAT GUY'S GETTING TO BE A PROBLEM!


HALT AND GET CAUGHT, YOU CROOK!
BAH! I'M NOT AT THE END OF THE LINE YET...

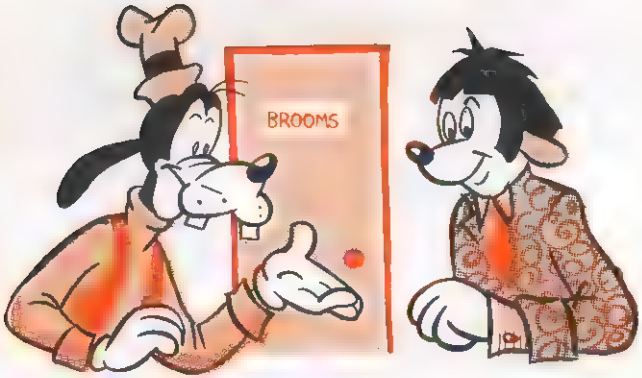

BUT I *AM* AT THE END OF THE *TRAIN!*


COUGH! COUGH!
HAW! THE TRAIN'S GOING SLOW! I WON'T GET HURT JUMPING INTO THIS GRASSY PASTURE.
HEY. NEED ANY HELP?
NOPE! THIS IS A ONE-DUCK MANHUNT!
TWANG!
ARE YOU SURE YOU DON'T WANT ANY HELP?
NO THANKS.
I'M GOING TO HAVE THAT REWARD ALL TO MYSELF!
EH? THAT CHAP ACTS LIKE HE'S RUNNING FROM SOMETHING.
DONALD. DO YOU WANT ANY HELP AT CATCHING THAT VILLAINISH-LOOKING FELLOW?
NO, NO! KEEP OUT OF THIS, GRANDMA! HE'S ALL MINE.


I DOUBT THAT, DONALD... HIS TYPE WON'T GET PAST MY BARNYARD!
BUMP!
THUD!
BASH!
CRASH!
YOU SEE, MY ANIMALS SENSE A BAD APPLE INSTANTLY, AND THEY'RE QUICK TO TAKE MATTERS INTO THEIR OWN HANDS!
OH, NO!
HALP! I SURRENDER!
SEE? THEY'VE DONE A MASTERFUL JOB BY THEMSELVES!
WAK! I...I'M COMPLETELY CUT OUT OF THE REWARD!
REWARD? HOW NICE; MY ANIMALS CAN USE IT!
AND SO...
THEY'VE LONG NEEDED A NEW WATERING SYSTEM LIKE THIS, AND THEY'LL GENEROUSLY SHARE IT WITH YOU, DONALD!
FOOEY! I DON'T WANT ANY PART OF IT!
I'M AFRAID YOU HAVE LITTLE CHOICE, DONALD!
BOOMP!
TEE-HEE! BILLY GOAT INSISTS THAT YOU SHARE IN THE TREAT!
OH, SPUTTER!

"DUMPY, dumpy, dum!" sang Goofy, as he swept out the studio. He had taken a job at a radio station to get some money for his holidays. One of his jobs was getting the studios ready for a broadcast. The next programme was going to have a disc-jockey playing records to millions of listeners.

"Oh gosh!" exclaimed Goofy, "I'd like to be a disc-jockey, putting on the records and talking to millions of people."



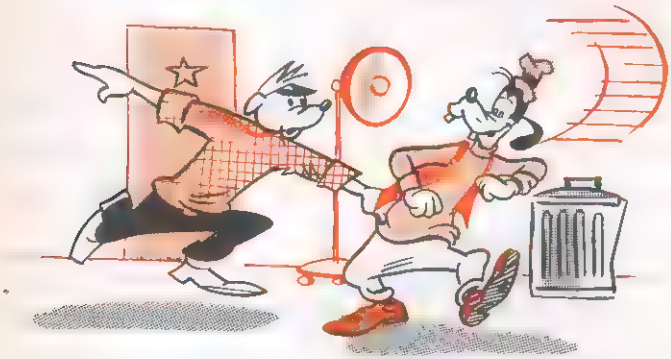
But there was little chance of that. The disc-jockey was the star of the radio station and Goofy was just the person who swept out the studio. So he forgot about his ambition and began dusting the records. Suddenly, the door opened and a man with long hair and a green suit entered.

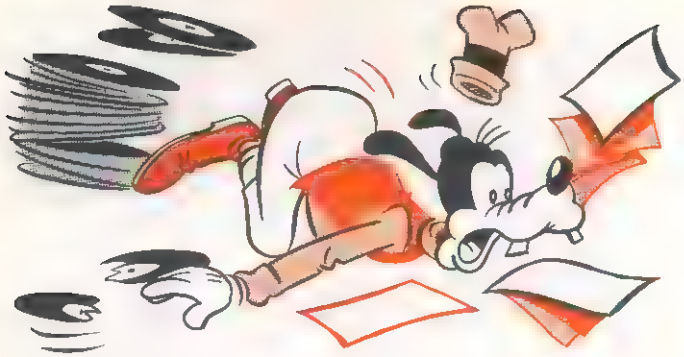
"I'm the new disc-jockey," said the man. "Where can I leave my suitcase? It must be somewhere safe, it's very valuable." Goofy showed him a broom cupboard along the corridor. The man stepped into the cupboard to put down the suitcase. Goofy yawned and, without thinking, leaned against the door. It slammed shut and the handle fell off!

"Oh, gosh!" said Goofy, "the door won't open without a handle and the disc-jockey is on the air in two minutes."

"Help!" yelled the man inside the cupboard, "let me out!" Goofy rushed along to where the studio manager sat at the controls. He quickly explained what had happened. They rushed back to the cupboard but it was impossible to open the door without a handle. The studio manager telephoned for a carpenter but the man couldn't get to the studio for another half an hour. The manager turned on Goofy.

"You will have to do the record programme," he said. Goofy was so frightened that he tried to run away. But the studio manager grabbed him by the shirt and wouldn't let go.



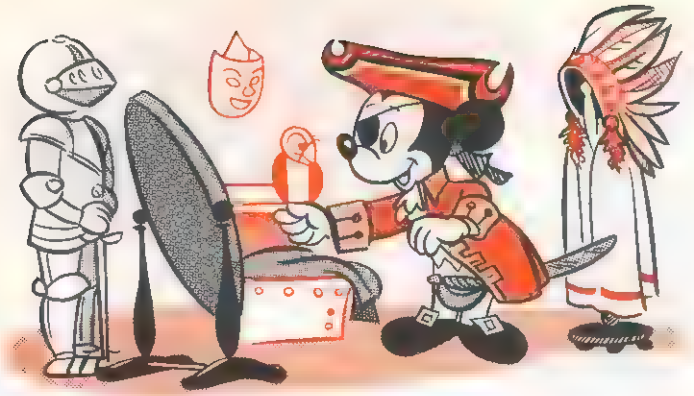


"Come along," he said, firmly, "there's no one else who can do the programme. You locked the disc-jockey in, so you can do the record show." And he led Goofy into the studio.

Poor old Goofy was so frightened that his knees were banging together in time to the opening music of the record show. "And now," said the manager to the listening people, "here is our new disc-jockey—Goofy!!!" And Goofy was pushed into the seat in front of the microphone and a script was put into his hand. But it shook so much that he dropped it onto the floor. In trying to grab at the script, his elbow caught a pile of records and they fell onto the floor as well. Goofy didn't seem to be making much of a success.

"IT'S high time I gave another fancy dress party for all my friends," said Mickey to himself one day. "It's been ages since the last one. And this time we can roast sausages and potatoes on sticks over a bonfire in the garden. There'll be party games and fireworks, and dancing on the lawn."

Mickey quickly telephoned his friends and they all jumped at the idea. To make it more exciting, Mickey suggested that everyone bring a prize along to the party and the person with the best costume would win all the prizes. They all thought this was a good idea. So, as soon as he had finished telephoning, Mickey rushed off to the costume shop. Luckily, he arrived there before any of the others, and was able to have the first choice.

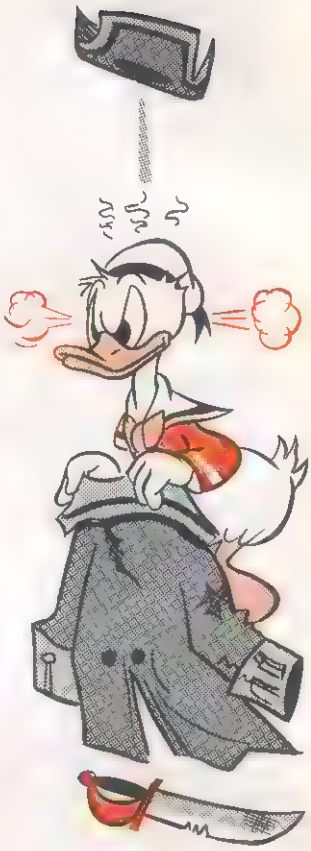


First of all, Mickey tried on a suit of armour but it was so heavy that he could hardly move. And when he did move it squeaked and groaned like a rusty old bicycle. Then Mickey tried on a Red Indian outfit but the feathers tickled and the warpaint was hot and sticky. Finally, Mickey tried on a pirate costume with a three-cornered hat, an eye-patch, and a cutlass.

There was even a stuffed parrot to sit on his shoulder. Mickey could see right away that this was the best costume in the shop—the one he had to have if he was to win the contest. "Gosh," cried Mickey, "I look just like Long John Silver, the famous pirate of olden days." So he paid the shopkeeper and took the costume home with him.

Soon after Mickey had left the shop, Donald rushed in to order his own costume. He knew exactly what he was going to wear at the party. "I'll have a Long John Silver costume please," said Donald to the man in the shop without knowing that Mickey had already taken that particular costume. The shopkeeper managed to find an old pirate outfit that hadn't been used for years.

It was full of holes but as it was the only one left, Donald took it. He paid the man and rushed off home to darn the holes and repair the rips. Donald muttered angrily against the person who had hired the best costume, not knowing that it was his friend Mickey!



So whilst Donald was repairing his costume, Mickey was at home trying his on for size. Mickey found it quite hard to keep the stuffed parrot fixed to his shoulder but with the aid of some glue he finally succeeded. Afterwards, he walked around the sitting room shouting pirate sayings: "Pieces of Eight! Sail ho! Make him walk the plank!" He was making so much noise that he didn't notice Donald coming up the garden path to borrow some sewing thread. But Donald saw him and could hardly believe his eyes.

"He's wearing a Long John Silver costume," groaned Donald, "and it's a new one with a parrot on the shoulder. Now he's bound to win the competition at the fancy dress party."

Suddenly, Donald thought of a clever plan. "If Mickey can win with a stuffed parrot, then I can beat him by using a real one," chortled Donald. "When everyone hears the parrot talking, I'll win the prize easily." So Donald rushed down to the pet shop and bought their very last parrot. It cost a lot of money but Donald thought that it was worth it to win the prize.

He rushed home with the parrot and straight away began to teach it all the pirate sayings he had heard over at Mickey's house.

By the evening of the party, the parrot could shout "Pieces of eight!" and "Sail ho!" So Donald put on his pirate costume and took the parrot out of its cage ready to sit on his shoulder.

Unfortunately, the parrot had never seen Donald dressed in his pirate costume. And as soon as Donald put on his eye-patch, the bird took fright and flew out of the window. By the time Donald had rushed out into the garden, the silly parrot was on the roof. "Come down," yelled Donald.

But it just sat on the roof and cried "Pieces of eight!" Donald got a long ladder and climbed up onto the roof. But that silly parrot kept just out of his reach. Donald made a wild grab and missed. The ladder tilted and slid down. Donald tried to cling to the edge of the roof but his fingers slipped and down he crashed into the rhubarb patch.

"Heigh ho, blow the man down!" cried the parrot.

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